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THE CHATEAU OF COPPET.

LETTER SECOND.

Lausanne, August 25, 1817.

AFTER the death of Robespierre, Madame de Staël was enabled to return to France. During some years, however, she divided her time between Paris and Switzerland. Bonaparte at last made himself master of the world, and banished her to the estate of Coppet. Being at this time engaged in travel, I was removed from her for a considerable period. I read, however, the works which she published during the interval. These had increased my desire of again seeing her; for they all expressed the most striking opinions, and developed the social system to which new ages are inviting us.

At last, in the autumn of 1808, I was able to quit Italy and to return to Switzerland. I pursued my journey without stopping, in order the more quickly to reach Coppet. Approaching the hospitable mansion, where the foreigner was ever sure of a kind reception, I was surprised to find the avenue filled with carriages. The abode of the exiled is seldom distinguished by what M. de Chateaubriant would in the present case have called the pomp of exile.

Following the crowd, I arrived at the *Chateau* and entered it with a sort of dread of so great an assemblage. I proceeded into the vestibule, looking for

some one to announce me, but could find nobody at leisure to do it. One servant was running towards a wing of the house with a casque and a lance—another was calling for help to raise up a pillar which had fallen, and a third, half clad, asked in a theatrical tone for knots of ribbands which he had mislaid.

I soon discovered, without much help from the imagination, that they were preparing for a theatrical representation; and I felt that in the state of matters, I should be hardly noticed, even were I presented, and resolved to profit by the politeness of the servants, who invited me to walk in.

I at last entered the great gallery where the stage was erected, and in which nearly 300 persons, of all nations, were already assembled. These were communicating their conjectures to each other, as to the nature of the performance, in different languages, previous to the rising of the curtain.

I thus learnt that Madame de Staël had written the piece which was about to be performed. This redoubled my curiosity. When the curtain rose, the stage represented an eastern hall, and a group of young Israelites filled the scene. They were preparing for a festival, of which they were practising the dances. In the middle of them I recognised the daughter of Madame

de Staël. She was still a child, but of the most perfect beauty and the most charming simplicity.

The play was called *The Shunamite*. The subject, though taken from the Bible, was so handled as at once to avoid profanity and levity. Every thing in it was distinguished by antique and noble simplicity.

Madame de Staël performed the part of the widow of *Shunam*. As happens in the present day, this mother was vain of the talents of her daughter; and, as in the present day, she was aware of the danger of her vanity without endeavouring to conquer it. Her sister, who was of a more humble disposition, blamed that vanity towards which the human heart is so indulgent, but to no purpose; for the Shunamite dwelt ever upon her daughter, and the spectators partook of her delusion.

In order to make a striking example, Heaven, which condemns maternal vanity as well as every other, deprived the child of life. We beheld her grow pale in the midst of the festival they were celebrating on her account. The shawl which she held dropped from her hand: her mother pressed her to her heart, but in vain: the eyes of her child were closed for ever.

The young maidens re-appeared in the second act. Arrayed in mourning they surrounded the bier on which their companion was laid. The unfortunate mother reproached Heaven with her death, but took no reproach to herself. Neither resigned nor submissive, her grief was that of a woman under the influence of passion. Her sister was engaged in prayer at the foot of the bier, expressing her resignation to the will of Heaven.

In the middle of this scene the prophet Elijah entered. Being gifted with the power of working miracles, his presence seemed to inspire even the spectators with confidence.

The prophet shewed this impious mother how the anger of heaven had fallen upon her, but that her repentance could disarm it. While thus under the influence of hope, Elijah disclosed to

the Shunamite the mystery of the immortality of the soul. This secret is common in our days, and affects us but slightly; but it had been unheard of at the period when the Eternal deigned, for the first time, to reveal it. This unfortunate mother, who conceived her child to be annihilated, learnt that she still existed, and that we can by no means die.

To attest this mystery Elijah approached the bier. The whole audience looked to the prophet, and the child which he wished to restore to life. We thought we heard her breathe. She raised her hand, then her face, and at last opened her eyelids. She had just begun to live again, and we had been present at one of those great scenes by which our Creator has judged it proper to teach us our destiny. The impression we received from it must have resembled that which they of old had the happiness to experience.

The Shunamite is one of the most remarkable dramatic compositions which has appeared in any language. It belongs to no school, and is neither romantic nor classical. It paints with fidelity the sentiments which our imagination ascribes to the Bible; and that without either overcharging or diminishing them. It awakens in the soul all the religious feelings, without shocking any of them.

After the close of the performance, when the spectators were departing, a singular picture presented itself. A hundred carriages arrived in a line. While waiting for my own, I listened to the remarks of the crowd around me. Many of them were still absorbed in emotion; but the majority had already got rid of it, and were eyeing the bustle which surrounded them. The French exclaimed, "Who could possibly have expected to see such a crowd of company in Switzerland—we really had no idea of it;" the ladies of Lausanne were full of enthusiasm; those of Geneva were complaining of the fatigue they had experienced; and the Germans were so much affected, that it was necessary to support them into their carriages.

This, Sir, was one of the many ways in which Madame de Staël beguiled her exile.—Thanks to her courage and her talents, Coppet was at that period an abode altogether unique, and contained such a union of knowledge, wit, and imagination, as we may never hope to witness again.

To be continued.

ORIGIN OF AN ARCTIC COLONY....A ROMANCE.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.]

To the Editor of the European Magazine,

Sir,
I HAVE found some difficulty in arranging the information mentioned in my last letter respecting the origin of an arctic colony; but am now assisted by my learned friend Dr. Blinkensop, who thought it his duty to submit the documents first to one of his Majesty's ministers, as the fragment of verse which I have already communicated seemed to contain a valuable hint regarding a secret mode of escape from St. Helena. The islander from whom we collected this tradition could have had no acquaintance with Teutonic or Scandinavian literature: therefore its remarkable coincidence with those tales which our ancestors derived from their northern neighbours, must either give them the weight of truth, or convince us that fiction is alike in all countries, from the days of Charlemagne to those of the shoemaker Hans Sachs, whose 6840 poems are not yet forgotten.

"Why have I not a garden of lilies?" said the beautiful Florice, as she returned from a visit to her sister, whose garden of roses extended seven miles in length, guarded by a giant of courage so superlative, that he caught the wolves "in the woods, and hung them over the walls by their tails." It was the festival of St. John, always kept on the day of the summer solstice, and Florice went to the bank of the nearest stream to gather a water-lily; for it is said, the seed of a flower plucked on that day will multiply into millions. The edge of the rivulet failed under her feet as she bent to take the flower, and a young stranger who had been sleeping among the sedges sprang forward to save her. Then taking one of the largest and most beautiful of the lilies, he said, "My name is Blanche fleur—I beg you to

keep this memorial of me." Florice went to her bower, and instead of planting his gift in her garden, placed it under her pillow. In the morning it had changed into a maiden's coronet; not one of those which resemble a bandeau* of plaited horse-hair dyed, nor one of those diadems of spangled cloth, shaped as a crescent before and tied with a ribbon behind, which the ladies of Engelland wore in ancient days; but such a garland of lilies as is still consecrated in Christian churches to Our Lady, and is part of a maiden's funeral-ornaments. But her bower was no longer in her father's land; it was surrounded by a sea to which there seemed no boundary, except a sky as clear and as blue as her own beautiful eyes. Blanche fleur stood by her side, not in the simple attire of a wandering forester, but in a mantle of woven pearls and sandals of cygnet's down. "You have accepted," said he, "the eternal pledge of my faith, and I am your devoted husband; but this island must be your residence, and I dare not admit any human visitors to divert you. Take, however, this wreath of lilies; and whatever amusement you desire shall appear before you when you place it on your head. All that I require of you is to think of me once in every hour when I am absent."

Florice looked round the isle on which her bower was situated, and perceived it was entirely covered by a garden of lilies; and the bed on which she had been wafted seemed transformed into a couch of silver tissue, supported on ivory feet, and covered with a canopy of dove's feathers. She was charmed with the elegance of her bridal

* Such bandeaus are still used in Livonia, and the snood in Scotland.

abode, and the beauty of its master ; but after a stay of seven days, he departed, begging her to render herself happy till his return. The Lady of Engelland knew there were many islands round her native country in which demons and giants still resided ; and she thought this might be the celebrated one where, as the grammarian Demetrius tells us, the great Kronos is kept by the giant Briareus. But though she feared her husband might be an Ettin, or giant in disguise, she reconciled herself to her fate, and began to admire his gifts as the ladies of Engelland are wont. Two days passed pleasantly in her solitude, for the bed which had brought her there had still under its pillow the legend of the "Hero Hogen," which she had been studying ; and its seventy-seven thousand verses amused her till the third night ; when, in the languor of loneliness, she put the wreath of lilies on her head, and wished to see a tournament, such as was fought in the days of King Arthur and his son Child Rowland. Immediately a cluster of lilies in her garden changed into the pavilion and gilded barriers of a tilting-field, and a troop of guards no taller than half an ell arranged themselves in gorgeous liveries. The tourney lasted till the moon rose, when all the squires and knights sunk upon the earth, and she saw only a heap of dead lilies. But Florice could find no amusement in her own thoughts, and she continued to desire fresh spectacles and pageants till her garden was exhausted. When she found the wreath of her husband had lost its power to create diversion, and obey her wishes, she waited for his arrival in a sullen humour, and reproached him with its failure. "Florice," said Blanche fleur, "had you desired to see a representation of King Arthur's pilgrimage to rescue Guinevra, or the sufferings of the gentle and chaste Una, or the adventures of our good Alfred, the flowers would have bloomed again ; but they perish for ever when they are employed in idle and frivolous pageants." Florice made no reply, and her husband departed once more,

without renewing the magic power of her bridal coronet. She read the Book of heroes again, and it reminded her that a fair and afflicted damsel like herself had found amusement by playing with a ball.* She had one of yellow silk, which she diverted herself with rolling before her till it suddenly leaped into the sea. She had scarcely time to shed tears for its loss, before a small arm, decorated with a gold bracelet, rose above the surface of the water, and restored it. At the same time a boat came gently towards the shore, full of roses, and steered by one of the loveliest forms she had ever imagined. "Be not fearful, beautiful Florice !" said her new visitor—"I am one of the mermaids that visit all solitary vessels and forsaken islands. We dwelt once in India, next among the Goths, and afterwards in Greece. Above a hundred of us were known to Plato, and the elder Pliny saw almost as many on the coasts of Gaul. The crow lives nine times the flourishing age of man ; the stag four times the age of the crow ; the raven thrice the age of the stag ; the phoenix nine times as long as the raven ; but we live ten times the age of the phoenix, and I myself have yet 291,000 years to exist!"†

Florice was filled with awe and delight : for she did not believe that these merladies were seen only in dreams, or caused by the reflection of vapours, as profane witlings have said that giants and fairies may be found near the Lake Morgana, and on the cloudy mountain called the Broken. Therefore she asked the name of her beautiful visitor, and the motive of her visit. The sea-maid answered, "My name is Fenia, and I govern the quern stone and the well of youth. Odin once commanded me to grind a ship-load of salt for his great-grandson Frothi, the sovereign of gold. The ship sunk, and from that hour the sea has been salt." Florice enquired if the sovereign of gold still

* Probably King Arthur's daughter, commonly called *Prude Ellinor*, or, in the corrupt Scotch ballads, *Burd Ellen*.—*Prude* implies gentle, as the *Preux Chevalier* of the French is similar to our "gentle knight."

† *Hesiod's Theog. and the Eddas.*

lived ; and Fenia answered, smiling, "He heard you lament your dreary solitude, and sent me with these roses to supply the place of those withered lilies in your garden. When they begin to fade, a single leaf thrown into the sea will bring my boat again." Florice hesitated, for she still loved her husband ; but she accepted a rose-bud, hoping to conceal it in her bosom, and the mermaid sank with her boat like a bird of the waters. The lady of the isle no longer felt the coldness of lingering lassitude, but her fancy was possessed with eager and anxious wishes. The blush of the rose-bud was fixed in her cheek when Blanche fleur returned, and enquired the meaning of her restless and fretful melancholy. She answered angrily, that she desired to know the purpose of his mysterious absences, and the motive which induced him to imprison her. Blanche fleur sighed, and, making no reply, led her to the edge of the shore. "If you have courage," said he, "to accompany me beyond the invisible extent of this sea, and to reside where the prow of the sailor and the foot of the traveller have never entered, we will go together ; but if the quiet of this island is odious, how will darkness, frost, and eternal silence be endured ?" Florice saw the discretion of seeming content, and determined to avail herself of his absence. When she was alone at the close of the next eve, she threw a rose-leaf into the sea, and saw the mermaid's boat ascending, not with a freight of roses, but a yellow dwarf, whose head carried a chest or basket of gold dust, which he poured at her feet. The mermaid caught her in her arms, and throwing the coronet of lilies from her brow, sunk with her into the ocean.

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On the Gold Bringe Syssel, or large promontory on the south-west coast of Iceland, is a small hamlet of huts, once inhabited by exiles from the coast of Norway.* A boat was found about nine hundred years ago upon this coast,

* *The Eyrbyggja Saga, or Annals of Iceland in 1264, records a similar occurrence.*

with neither oar nor sail, but with the half-dead body of a fair woman laid beside a chest. Thurida, whose name has been rendered famous in songs recording the love of the great Biorn, who visited the North Pole for her sake, was still young and beautiful at that period, and strove to revive the female stranger. No persuasion could induce her to explain by what means she came to a country so remote, though she seemed to comprehend the language of its inhabitants. She called herself a native of the Hebrides, offered to assist in the labours of the field and loom, and desired no recompense but peaceable permission to reside there for one year. Thurida took her to her own hut, and by degrees conceived great friendship for her unknown guest, whose meekness and beauty were remarkable, though she had lost her left eye. One evening, after they had visited the Helgafels, or holy mount where the altar and silver ring are deposited, Thurida imposed an oath of secrecy on the fair woman, and entreated her aid in a grievous emergency. Unknown to her brother Snorro, she was on the point of giving birth to a babe whose existence would be odious to its savage uncle ; but by the compassionate aid of the stranger, both the mother and her offspring might be preserved from his fury. The fair woman promised fidelity, and received the infant into a mantle of white fur, which she took from her chest, and deposited in the hollow of a rock lined with the feathers of Icelandic birds. She visited it often in secrecy and darkness, feeding it with the tenderest care, and hoping to repay, by her bounty to her foster-child, the kindness which had saved her life when wrecked on this desolate coast. But Thurida had seen the chest from whence the mantle had been taken, and coveted the remainder of its contents. Chance conducted the Pontiff Snorro to the track of a wolf, which he pursued till it brought him to the recess where, wrapped in down and beautiful as the god Amor, he discovered his sleeping nephew. Charmed by its loveliness, and touched to see the she-wolf administering milk to it, the

high-priest brought home the babe, and placed it in his sister's lap. Thurida, watchful of the golden opportunity, accused the stranger of sorcery, and urged him to demand the coffer which contained her treasures. The unknown replied, "I am a wife, but not the mother of the babe. My name is Florice, and I have called him Wolfelin, because wolves have been more merciful than his mother; but the chest is full of gold dust, and he who opens it shall lose his right foot and his left eye." Snorro seized her hands, and put her forth from his hut into the midst of the torrent of snow-dust which fell from the mountains, calling on Thort to exterminate a sorceress and her son.

Florice carried the babe wrapped in its mantle in her bosom, while the she-wolf walked by her side till they reached a round hill with a door of broad stones in the centre. The wolf breathed on it thrice, and at the third breath it opened, and they entered. Florice walked through a long gallery, where the air was soft and warm as a May-evening. The light was a silver twilight, but it came neither from windows nor lamps, but from the walls and roof, which were of clear transparent rock, crusted with bright stones. Two folding doors opened into a spacious hall, whose richness and brilliance no tongue can tell. It seemed to extend the whole length and height of the hill. The pillars were so lofty and so large, that the pillars of a church are no more to be compared to them than a hillock to Benlomond. They were of gold and silver fretted with wreaths of flowers composed of coloured jewels. And the key-stones of the arches above, instead of coats of arms or other devices, were ornamented with clusters of diamonds in the same manner. From the middle of the roof where the principal arches met, was hung, by a gold chain, an immense lamp of one hollow pearl, perfectly transparent, in which was suspended a large carbuncle that turned continu-

ally round, and shed over the hall a clear mild light like the setting-sun's. Under a canopy at the farther end, on a gorgeous sofa, sat her sister, the Lady of the Garden of Roses, "combing her yellow hair with a silver comb."* She embraced her sister with great joy, and entreated to know by what chance she had been brought from their dear native country, Engelland, to a land so wild and distant. "Sister," said Rhodaine, "the yellow dwarf who governs all the surface of the earth, and all the riches of its interior, has built his palace in this hill. He tempted me to become his wife, and to exchange my garden of roses for his treasures; but I have no living companion, and every day I am compelled to look upon an altar of blazing diamonds which ends in a poisonous vapour. Still I live, and shall live for ages, unless you will aid me to return to Engelland."—"Alas!" replied Florice, "I came I know not how to this forlorn island, and have an orphan-babe in my arms which I cannot forsake. How shall we be rendered invisible?" And as she spoke she looked round her for the friendly wolf, which had disappeared, but a wreath of lilies lay on the place where it had stood. Florice placed it on her head, and the babe became invisible; but when she looked into a mirror made of a large diamond, which hung before her, she perceived that her whole person and attire were changed. She was now a green dwarf, with emerald eyes and hair of a varying and brilliant hue, like the crest of the mocking-bird. Rhodalind embraced her rapturously: "You are now," she said, "the perfect likeness of my husband's brother. There are four of his family—the yellow dwarf is the eldest and most powerful; Men call him Chrysos, or the Gold King, and you see the splendor of his habitation. His father Odin named him Frothi,† and

* Vide "*Northern Antiquities*," Edinburgh edition: *Animals were often gifted with elfish powers, like the she wolf's.*

† This story is told in one of the *Books of Heroes*. *Dwarfs*, says the preface, were created to inhabit hollow hills, discover gold and gems, and distinguish good and bad. Their *tarn-caps, or veils, made them invisible*. *Heroes* were midway between dwarfs and giants.

† Sir George Mackenzie mentions a peninsular in Iceland once called the throne of the God Thor. Losing an eye is still supposed to be the penalty of peeping at fairy matters.

bathed him in a dragon's blood, which has made him impenetrable in every part, except one he will not name. The Blue Dwarf governs the sylphs and inhabitants of the purer element; and seldom leaves the sky to visit his brother's abode, which changes his colour to an earthly green. The Black Brother dwells in cities, and his subjects labour for him in volcanoes and hidden flames, except when an earthquake sends them abroad to rejoice. The youngest brother is unknown to me, and they say his mansion is in the whirlpool where all the oceans of the universe meet. Sister, dearest sister! I am the hundredth mortal wife that the yellow dwarf has stolen from our world. There is in one of the chambers of this palace a linden tree, whose branches seem loaded with singing-birds. But this tree is made of gold, and its trunk is filled with organ-pipes that create the delicious melody we hear; and those whom it lulls to sleep must wake no more. Since my entrance into this splendid prison, I have never dared to sleep, lest I should be added to the number of unhappy wives whose ashes fill the diamond caskets you see round us."

Florice had no time to reply, for Chrysos entered, and shewed in his own palace all the hideousness of his person. The head† of this monstrous dwarf was an ell broad, his eyes yellow, his nose shaped like the horn of a ram; his hair rough as gum and white as a swan; his mouth of enormous width, and his ears like those of an ass. But his mantle was made of white silk brought from Arabia, embroidered with gems, and his vesture of the rarest ermine, covered by a surcoat woven of the feathers of scarlet birds from Morocco and Lybia. On his head he wore the magical *tarn-cap* of unmatched power in Elfland, studded with gold; and the brilliant richness of his dress increased his horrible ugliness. Florice shuddered as he took her hand, mistaking her for the Green Dwarf, and exclaimed, "Ha, my good Brother! this visit is rightly timed. I have found

for thee a bride of more beauty than my Rhodalind, and a boat of flowers has tempted her from her husband's land to mine. Wait till the morning comes, and Florice of Engelland shall be thine."—"How can that be certain," replied Florice, "when she has with her the coronet of lilies which her husband gave as the token of his love and fidelity?"—"There is no token of love," said the yellow dwarf, "which a woman would not exchange for the gold bracelet which I offered. Since the days of our great-grandfather Odin, I have seen twelve thousand brides wear that coronet, and as many times I have seen it changed into a heap of dead lilies."—"Can it be thought," said Florice "that the lady of Engelland will love me in this green attire, and in this hideous land of cold and desolation?"—"No," answered the Gold King, laughing—"but my palace furnishes ornaments to decorate a bridegroom. Take my tarn-cap, and my silken mantle; and when the evening star shines, our youngest brother's boat will come to this shore. The lady Florice dwells with the high-priest's sister, and will follow thee as she followed the mermaid in my boat of flowers." The pretended Green Dwarf paused awhile, and answered, "I have a fancy for thy vest, brother, to conceal my deformed shoulders."—"No part of my apparel should be denied to thee, except this," said the sovereign of the gold mines; "but when Odin strove to make me invulnerable, a rose-leaf lay near my heart, and on that spot I am penetrable by a woman's hand; therefore I cannot give thee the armour that defends it."—Florice said no more, and the yellow dwarf clapping his hands, summoned all his gnomes to prepare a feast for his brother. Fruits of all kinds were spread in shells of pearl laid on tables supported by peacocks, whose outspread wings were composed of precious stones. He knew his brother would taste nothing except the dew gathered from Persian roses, and a cup was brought which had been filled from the gardens of Shirauz. At length the yellow dwarf sank on the rich couch

† See the *Legend of Hughdietrich*, in the *Danish Book of Heroes*.

prepared for him in a deep sleep ; and his wife, lifting the mail of plaited gold from his breast, saw the print of a rose-leaf on the part which admitted a wound. She would have pierced it with his own poignard, but Florice would not permit a deed of treachery. She only took the cap and mantle he had offered, and placing them on her sister they passed unresisted through all the marble doors of his palace. But when they had reached the last, Florice remembered the infant she had left sleeping unseen in her enemy's chamber. Her sister would have prevented her return ; but she replied, " I will not abandon the innocent and the helpless." Chrysos was still asleep, and she brought the babe safely away in its mantle. When they reached the coast, a boat was seen moored among the rocks, without oar or sail ; but a gold bracelet and a few roses lay on the edge. Heedless of her sister's safety, and eager only to secure her own, Rhodalind leaped into this deceitful boat, which instantly disappeared. Florice looked in despair at the dark waters, when another boat, transparent as crystal, and steered by a White Dwarf of the most diminutive stature, touched the shore. His face shone in the moon-beams like the smallest leaf of a lily, and his cloak seemed as light and thin as if it had been woven of the May-fly's wings.* Florice placed the sleeping babe's mantle on the helm, hoping that the touch of a creature so innocent would dissolve the work of an evil spirit, but the boat remained unchanged, and the helmsman spoke in a voice as soft as the music of a reed tuned by the south-wind. " Enter, Florice !—my boat is framed of air and light, and will convey no freight except innocence and beauty. The Green Serpent Midgard, whose folds encircle the world, has received your sister, and conveyed her to the burning mountain of this island, where the Black Dwarf will avenge her treachery to his brother. But the presence of this innocent babe will smooth our way through the waters."—Florice placed herself in

the boat, and sang the hymn to the Sea-King as her pilot steered. Yet her courage failed when they sunk into a fog so white and so vast as to confound both sight and hearing. " Is our home near ?" she said ; but the White Dwarf was no longer visible, and his voice even from the helm could not be heard. It seemed as if they had traversed a thousand miles before a blue bird came through the mist, and alighted on the helm. Then Florice perceived that a wall of ice, two hundred fathoms deep below the sea and half as many above it, hung over their course. " Our home is near," said the white pilot, as he turned his boat under an arch which shone like a rainbow through the vapour. Arch after arch rose before them, till that vapour gathered in folds which hung as if they had been fleeces of silver over a hall built of diamonds. The floor was of pearl carpeted with lilies, and the boat as it approached it changed into a chariot drawn by swans. Florice looked for the dwarfish pilot, but she saw her husband Blanchesleur in the beauty of his youth. He placed her on the throne of his polar kingdom, and shewed her his secret gardens among a thousand hills of ice, where all the elves of Faeryland holds their revels. Her first-born daughter married the son of Thurida and Biorn, and their children dwelt in the green valley of an ice-berg. The Elf-King of the North has vowed that none but the sons of Engelland shall unveil his throne, since none but a woman of Engelland was found worthy to share it.

* * * * *

Here ends all that tradition has preserved of the first founders of this Arctic colony, and their descent from our ancestors is evinced by the exact resemblance their legend bears to those which the most distinguished poet of our sister kingdom has lately ushered into the modern world. The heroic songs of Denmark, collected by the orders of Sophia when storm-stayed at Knutstrup, whither she had gone to see Tycho Brahe's observatory, abound in such wild tales of dwarfs, mermaids,

* *The May-fly, or Marienwurmchen, makes a figure in Northern romance.*

and gardens of roses, as our Arctic islander has collected. And the romantic ballads lately translated from the Icelandic language, especially Ulrich and Annie, Child Axelvold, the Maiden and the Hasel, Stark Tiderich and Olger Danske, Ribolt and Guldborg, and Young Child Dyring, so strongly resemble our old favourites Lord Thomas, Gil Morice, the Hawthorn Tree, Chevy Chase, the Douglas Tragedy,

and Young Lochinvar, that our new friends near the North Pole cannot surprise us by the near affinity they claim. And though this romantic history of their origin may not appear in the "Book of Heroes," "the Nibelungen Lay," or any other illustration of Northern Antiquities, it may claim a place among the legends dedicated to St. Julian, the patron-saint of travellers. V.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XIII.

JUST COME FROM COLLEGE.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoals,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in College classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak.

Burns.

I UNDERSTOOD that my old friend Dr. Drudge's son had come to town; and I called the other day to visit him. I valued the father much: he was an honest, industrious, and successful man; and I wished to show every civility in my power to his son.

The Doctor had, by much labour and by long practice, amassed a large fortune, which he left to his only son, to whom he was so partial, that he spared no expense to educate him in the first style. General knowledge was what the Doctor was anxious to give his child, who, on his part, seconded his wishes, by a thirst for improvement. This, however, was accompanied by a volatility, and by an eccentricity wholly unexampled. It is often the case that the son of a learned man, or of a great public character, is a dunce; just as the common consequence in life is, that the successor of a miser is a prodigal; but in the present instance it is otherwise, for the Doctor's son is still more ambitious of shining as a man of science and of letters, than his father's most anxious wishes could desire.

3 K ATHENEUM VOL. 4.

About a year ago, the young man was deprived of his worthy father, and about a week ago he concluded his academic studies, having taken a Bachelor's degree and quitted College. Very different from those young men of rank and of fashion who leave Oxford and Cambridge, perfect only in horse-racing, in sporting, in drinking, and in gaming, Mr. Drudge read within the last four years, more books than almost any other man of his age existing. He has had a gleanings of almost every science, but with such rapidity, that it has produced a confusion of matter and of languages in his head, similar to what we read of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. To this he adds great self-confidence and a fine flow of spirits, which render him a very strange character.

His ambition is to be a Member of Parliament, an orator, an author, the discoverer of some new theory, and finally, to be quoted as one of the learned men of the age. His requisites and probable success I shall leave to the learned reader to foretell; and shall merely paint a scene betwixt himself and me, which will give a more accurate idea of what he is, than a volume of description, argument, and deductions therefrom.

I called at his lodgings, and found him at home, seated in his *robe de chambre*, a Spanish grammar on one side of him, and the cranium of a dog on the other. Squares, compasses, and mathematical instruments, retorts and phials, books and papers, were all

around him ; and a description of Persia was in his hand. Two foreigners were employed in the corners of the room ; the one working in plaster of Paris ; the other at a desk.

He rose to receive me, with a cheerfulness unlike the expression of a bookworm, and, making me a half prostration, with a smile, he cried, "*Salam, Salam*, most worthy Sir, friend of my Sire ; I delight in seeing you ; you are welcome beyond my descriptive powers ; *si sedu Signore—Asseyez vous, s'il vous plait*—sit down by the little boy who, gratefully, remembers being on your knee *dans l'aurore de la vie*. How do you ? how is the nervous system ? No hypochondrias ? No dyspepsia ? All well in the pulmonary regions ? the viscera ? the muscular economy ? Aye, I'll swear to it. The vital system as entire as a youth's of twenty ! and the intellectual one mature and sane—*mens sana in corpore sano*. The mind is (I perceive)

"Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull."

"But tell me—*Quid agis* ? What are your present pursuits ?—Moral, or experimental Philosophy, Zoology, Mineralogy, Conchology, or Geology, Metaphysics, Philology, Anatomy, Ethics, Natural History, or the Belles Lettres ? I have heard of you. I know that you are a savant, a man of virtue, one of the cognoscenti, of the dilletanti, a man of science, and a leader of bon gout."

He overpowered me, but I put in a few words. "Well," said he abruptly, "we have a fine *status quo* of affairs, political and general. Pretty work this election, great efforts at an oligarchy—at a democracy or a mobocracy if you please. They would give us a *republique non libre*, as Montesquieu calls it. You see what our liberty comes to. It is that *libertas* which *in vitium excidit et vim dignam lege rege*. Aye, the Life Guards will settle that. But it is truly shocking : amputations and fractures, lacerations and dislocations are the effects of the poll ; in consequence of those emulations and strifes, those contentions and passions 'which war in our members'—hem ! It is every

where the same. Vide the revolutions of France, of Holland, of the Colonies. *Odi profanum vulgus*. These demagogue Demosthenes poison the public mind, intoxicate weak brains with their frothy oratory ; themselves being the worst of private characters ; and then leave the *polaccio* to a sense of their own wretchedness. Thus it is that

Belle parole e cateni fatti
Ingannano savi e matti.

Apropos, but for these elections the town would be a desert. At the Court end of the town it is a *memento mori*, a *rus in urbe*. The grass is actually growing in the streets ; and the sight of a nobleman's carriage is a treat. (Then turning to the implements around him) You see, said he, my amusements and occupations, Chemistry, Anatomy, Geology (holding up a specimen of basalt,) and History. That *multum in parvo* little fellow is taking my bust (pointing to a deformed Italian.) The other is my Spanish master, who is writing my exercise. '*Su servidor ; viva usted muchos annos*' (to the language master, bowing him out.) This cranium was that of a dog, the most intellectual (if I dare use the phrase) that ever was. The animal was a Roman ; and I am examining the cerebellum, (his Servant enters with a letter.) 'That fellow I keep because I made an experiment on him. He was as deaf as the Tarpeian rock, and I cured him by electricity, after trying magnetism, the metallic tractors, and the devil and all. *Vous me permettez mon ami*—you will allow me to peruse this billet.—It is an invitation to the Institute, and a promise to take me to an experiment of the Voltaic pile. A fine thing, no doubt ! I know the principle, as one ought to know the principle of every thing, from the five per cents up to the solar and lunar systems. Talking of the Sun, the Prince carries it with a high hand, every measure goes through—the Indemnity Act, etcetera. By and by, these demigods of ministers will issue their orders—'Such is our will.' It will be *θελω δ' στελεσειτο βυλη*. What will become of old Magna Charta at last, I know not. It will be Carta

Pecora, or Carte blanche, I believe—By the bye, how they are stultified in France! No nerve! a general paralysis!”—

Here I stopped him, for fear that he should have gone all over the Continent, and have hurried me with him; and I asked him what were his purposes.—“As follow, worthy Sir,” resumed the Youth: “It is my intention, first, to make a tour of the Continent of Europe, and of the Greek Isles, to become a member of a number of foreign Universities, and to have as many A.M.’s F.R.S.’s, A. double S.S. and initials of science, as will fill the title page of a book, tacked to my name. I mean to write my tour, and have it printed on fine wove, hot-pressed, royal octavo paper, with a flattering engraving of self, in an antique costume. I will get a needy foreigner to make drawings; and I will dedicate it to some leading man. I’ll praise the Edinburgh Reviewers up to the skies—‘*Usque ad sidera.*’ I’ll have two mottos, one in Greek and one in Hebrew, to the book; and, on my return from the Continent, I’ll give dinners to all the celebrated booksellers in town. I’ll purchase up one hundred copies of the work; and have the second and third editions issued out simultaneously with the first. Thus ushered into celebrity, my next

ambition will be to get into parliament, and to make a thundering maiden speech: then with M.P. attached to all the other distinctions of a man of alphabetical as well as of learned letters, I may publish any thing, and I shall be known as an author. Lastly, I propose retiring to my Tusculum, where I must discover some theory, and publish it, by which means I shall be called by the name of my theory, and thus be rendered immortal. All this accomplished, I shall retire to the country, ‘*ducere sollicitæ jocunda oblivia vitæ,*’ and there end the scene in the arms of the Muses.”

Here concluded the projects of my ambitious friend, young Drudge. The reader may consider the picture as charged; but I assure him it is faithful. Through a long life, many objects must have passed before my eyes, and I have, amongst the number, met with more than one of this cast. We have fanatics of all kinds, religious, political, poetical, physical, and metaphysical. We have fanatics in love, in painting, and in all the fine arts. Every body must have seen “*Il fanatico per la musica;*” and, not a bad play might be written on “*Il fanatico per la scienza,*” such as the worthy friend described of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

From Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine.

STORY OF AN APPARITION.

Mr. Editor,

Observing that you have frequently introduced into your Miscellany popular fables collected from various quarters, I send you the following, which I solemnly protest is no invention of mine, but a ghost-story of natural growth, which I heard in conversation. If you can find room for it, it will probably afford more amusement than the Welsh superstitions you published some time ago, which were rather heavy. I am yours, &c. A. B.

ABOUT the fall of the leaf, in the year 1737, Colonel D. went to visit his friend Mr. N. at his country seat in the north of England. As this country seat was the scene of a very singular adventure, it may be proper to mention its antiquity and solemnity, which were

fitted to keep in countenance the most sombre events. The following circumstances were well known in the family, and are said to have been related by one of its members to a lady much celebrated in the literary world, but now deceased.

Upon arriving at the house of his friend, Colonel D. found there many guests, who had already got possession of almost all the apartments. The chillness of an October evening, and the somewhat mournful aspect of nature, at that season, collected them, at an early hour, round the blazing hearth,

where they thought no better amusement could be found than the ancient and well approved one of story-telling, for which all mankind seem to have a relish. I do not mean the practice of circulating abominable slanders against one's friends, but the harmless, drowsy, and good-natured recreation of retailing wonderful narratives, in which, if any ill is spoken, it is generally against such as are well able to bear it, namely, the enemy of mankind, and persons who, having committed atrocious crimes, are supposed, after death, to haunt the same spots to which their deeds have attached dismal recollections.

While these tales went round, the evening darkened apace, and the windows ceased any longer to contrast the small glimmerings of external twilight with the bright blaze of the hearth. The rustling of withered leaves, casually stirred by the wind, is always a melancholy sound, and, on this occasion, lent its aid to the superstitious impressions which were gaining force by each successive recital of prodigies. One member of the family began to relate a certain tradition, but he was suddenly stopped by their host, who exhibited signs of displeasure, and whispered something to him, at the same time turning his eyes upon Colonel D. The story was accordingly broken off, and the company went to supper with their hair standing on end; but so transitory are human impressions, that in a few minutes they had all recovered their gayety, except the Colonel, who was unable to comprehend why any tradition should be concealed from him in particular.

When they separated to go to sleep, he was led by Mr. N. (as the reader will probably anticipate), to a chamber at a great distance from the other bed-rooms, and which bore evident marks of having been newly opened after remaining long unoccupied. In order to dissipate the confined air of the place, a large wooden fire had been lighted, and the gloomy bed-curtains were tucked stiffly up in festoons. I have not heard whether there was tapestry in the room or not; but one

thing is certain, that the room looked as dreary as any tapestry could have made it, even if it had been worked on purpose by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe herself. Romance writers generally decorate their imaginary walls with all the wisdom of Solomon; but, as I am unable to vouch for the truth of every particular mentioned in this story, I mean to relate the circumstances faithfully as they were told me, without calling in so wise a man to lend his countenance to them.

Mr. N. made apologies to Colonel D. for putting him into an apartment which was somewhat uncomfortable, and which was now opened only because all the rest were already filled. With these excuses, and other suitable compliments, he bade his guest good night, and went away with a good deal of seriousness in his countenance, leaving the door a-jar behind him.

Colonel D——, observing that the apartment was large and cold, and that but a small part of the floor was covered with carpet, endeavoured to shut the door, but found he could only close it half way. Some obstacle in the hinges, or the weight of the door pressing upon the floor, opposed his efforts. Nevertheless, being seized with some absurd fancies, he took the candle, and looked out. When he saw nothing, except the long passage and the vacant apartments beyond, he went to bed, leaving the remains of the fire still flickering upon the broad hearth, and gleaming now and then upon the door as it stood half open.

After the Colonel had lain for a long while, ruminating half asleep, and when the ashes were now nearly extinguished, he saw the figure of a woman glide in. No noise accompanied her steps. She advanced to the fire-place, and stood between him and the light, with her back towards him, so that he could not see her features. Upon observing her dress, he found that it exactly corresponded in appearance with the ancient silk robes represented in the pictures of English ladies of rank, painted three centuries ago. This circumstance filled him with a degree of terror which

he had never experienced before. The stately garniture of times long past had a frightful meaning, when appearing, as it now did, not upon a canvass, but upon a moving shape, at midnight. Still endeavouring to shake off those impressions which benumbed him, he raised himself upon his arm, and faintly asked "who was there?" The phantom turned round—approached the bed—and fixed her eyes upon him; so that he now beheld a countenance where some of the worst passions of the living were blended with the cadaverous appearance of the dead. In the midst of traits which indicated noble birth and station, was seen a look of cruelty and perfidy, accompanied with a certain smile which betrayed even baser feelings. The approach of such a face near his own, was more than Colonel D—— could support; and when he rose next morning from a feverish and troubled sleep, he could not recollect how or when the accursed spectre had departed. When summoned to breakfast, he was asked how he had spent the night, and he endeavoured to conceal his agitation by a general answer, but took the first opportunity to inform his friend Mr. N——, that, having recollected a certain piece of business which waited him at London, he found it impossible to protract his visit a single night. Mr. N—— seemed surprised, and anxiously sought to discover whether any thing occurred to render him displeased with his recep-

tion; but finding that his guest was impenetrable, and that his remonstrances against his departure were in vain, he insisted upon shewing Colonel D—— the beauties of his country residence, after which he would reluctantly bid him farewell. In walking round the mansion, Colonel D—— was shewn the outside of the tower where he had slept, and vowed, mentally, never to enter it again. He was next led to a gallery of pictures, where Mr. N—— took much delight in displaying a complete series of family portraits, reaching back to a very remote era. Among the oldest, there was one of a lady. Colonel D—— had no sooner got a glimpse of it, than he cried out, "May I never leave this spot, if that is not she." Mr. N—— asked whom he meant? "The detestable phantom that stared me out of my senses last night;" and he related every particular that had occurred.

Mr. N——, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed that to the room where his guest had slept, there was attached a certain tradition, pointing it out as having been, at a remote period, the scene of murder and incest. It had long obtained the repute of being haunted by the spirit of the lady, whose picture was before him; but there were some circumstances in her history so atrocious, that her name was seldom mentioned in his family, and his ancestors had always endeavoured as much as possible to draw a veil over her memory.

From the Literary Gazette.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS NATIVES.

IN our last Number, and in a Review of Mr. Barrow's recent publication, we inserted a general summary of Captain Buchan's expedition into the interior of Newfoundland, about eight years ago, and signified that we should probably avail ourselves of the information furnished by his interesting Journal, to lay before our readers an account of the natives, their habitations, manners, &c. We thus early acquit ourselves of the promise.

The Journal describes minutely the daily march of the party, from the 13th of January, to the 24th, either over smooth snow, or rough and ragged ice, which destroyed their sledges. Their course lay up the River of Exploits. On the evening of the 23d, they observed two natives, from whom they concealed themselves, intending to follow their track next morning; and the narrative thus proceeds.

"With the first glimpse of morn we

reached the wished-for track, which led us along the western shore to the north-east, up to a point, on which stood an old wigwam; from thence it struck across for the shore we had left. As the day opened it was requisite to push forward with celerity to prevent being seen, and to surprise the natives, if possible, while asleep. Canoes were soon descried, and shortly after wigwams, two close to each other, and a third about a hundred yards from the former. Having examined the arms, and charged my men to be prompt in executing such orders as might be given, at the same time I strictly ordered them to avoid every impropriety, and to be especially guarded in their behaviour towards the women. The bank was now ascended with great alacrity and silence; the party being formed into three divisions, the three wigwams were at once secured; we called to the people within, but received no answer; the skins which covered the entrance were then removed, and we beheld groups of men, women, and children lying in the utmost consternation; they remained absolutely for some minutes without motion or utterance. My first object was now to remove their fears and inspire confidence in us, which was soon accomplished by our shaking hands and shewing every friendly disposition. The women very soon began to embrace me for my attention to their children; from the utmost state of alarm they soon became curious, and examined our dress with great attention and surprise. They kindled a fire and presented us with venison steaks, and fat run into a solid cake, which they used with lean meat. Every thing promised the utmost cordiality; knives, handkerchiefs, and other little articles were presented to them, and in return they offered us skins. I had to regret our utter ignorance of their language, and that the presents were at the distance of at least twelve miles. The want of these occasioned me much embarrassment; I used every endeavour to make them understand my great desire that some of them should accompany us to the place where our baggage was, and

assist in bringing up such things as we wore; which at last they seemed perfectly to comprehend.

"It will not be expected that I can give much information respecting the Indians of Newfoundland. Of a people so little known, or rather not known at all, any account, however imperfect, must be interesting. It appears then that they are permanent inhabitants, and not occasional visitors. Their wigwams are of two kinds; one of a circular form, and the other octagonal. The first of these consists simply of a few poles supported by a fork, such as are common to various tribes in North America; but this kind is used only as a summer residence whilst employed in the lakes and rivers procuring food for the winter. Those in which I found them were of the octagonal structure, and were constructed with very considerable pains. The diameter, at the base, was nearly twenty-two feet; to the height of about four feet above the surface was a perpendicular wall or fence of wooden piles and earth; on this was affixed a wall-plate, from which were projected poles forming a conical roof, and terminating at the top in a small circle, sufficient for emitting the smoke and admitting the light, this and the entrance being the only apertures; a right line being drawn to equal distances from each of the angular points towards the centre was fitted neatly with a kind of lattice-work, forming the fronts of so many recesses which were filled with dressed deer-skins. The fire was placed in the centre of the area, around which was formed their places of rest, every one lying with his feet towards the centre, and the head up to the lattice-work partition, somewhat elevated. The whole wigwam was covered in with birch bark, and banked on the outside with earth, as high as the upright wall, by which these abodes, with little fuel, were kept warm even in the inclemency of the winter. Every part was finished in a manner far superior to what might reasonably have been expected. According to the report of William Cull, (who had been before in the interior)

the storehouses seen by him were built with a ridge pole, and had gable ends; and the frame of the store which we saw on the island, I conceive to be of that description, as it certainly had a ridge pole. Their canoes were finished with neatness, the hoops and gunnels formed of birch, and covered in with bark cut into sheets, and neatly sewed together and lackered over with gum of the spruce-tree. Their household vessels were all made of birch or spruce bark, but it did not appear that these were applied to any purpose of cookery: I apprehend they do not boil any part of their diet, but broil or roast the whole; there were two iron boilers, which must have been plundered from some of our settlers; to what purpose they may apply these is uncertain, but they appeared to set a great value on them, for on deserting the wigwam they had conveyed them out of our sight. They were well supplied with axes, on which a high value is set; these they keep bright and sharp, as also the blades of their arrows, of which we found upwards of a hundred new ones in a case.

"The reports of the settlers have always magnified the Newfoundland Indians into a gigantic stature; this, however, is not the case as far as regards the tribe we saw, and the idea may perhaps have originated from the bulkiness of their dress. They are well-formed, and appear extremely healthy and athletic, and the average stature of the men may probably reach five feet eight inches. With one exception, their hair was black; their features are more prominent than any of the Indian tribes that I have ever seen, and from what could be discerned through a lacker of oil and red ochre (or red earth) with which they besmear themselves, I was led to conclude them to be fairer than the generality of Indian complexions. The exception with regard to the hair, was in that of a female, bearing all the marks of an European, with light sandy hair, and features strongly resembling the French, apparently about twenty-two years of age; she carried an infant in her cossack;

her demeanour differed very materially from the others; instead of that sudden change from surprise and dismay to acts of familiarity, she never uttered a word, nor did she ever recover from the terror our sudden and unexpected visit had thrown her into. The dress of these Indians consisted of a loose cossack, without sleeves, but puckered at the collar to prevent its falling off the shoulders, and made so long, that when fastened up round the haunches it becomes triple, forming a good security against accidents happening to the abdomen; this is fringed round with a cutting of the same substance; they also wear leggins, mockisons, and cuffs, the whole made of the deer-skin, and worn with the hair side next to the body, the outside lackered with oil and earth, admirably adapted to repel the severity of the weather; the only difference in the dress of the two sexes, is the addition of a hood attached to the back of the cossack of the female for the reception of children. The males, on having occasion to use their bows, have to disengage the right shoulder and kneel down on the right knee; the bow is kept perpendicular, and the lower extremity supported against the left foot; their arrows display some ingenuity, for the blade, which is of iron, is so proportioned to the shaft, that when missing their object in the water it does not sink; the feathers which direct its course become now a buoy, and they take it up at pleasure; the blade of the arrow is shouldered, but not barbed. Their snow shoes, or racketts, as they are called by some, differed from all others that I have seen; the circular part of the bow, which was cross-barred with skin-thong, was in breadth about fifteen inches, and lengthways near three feet and a half, with a tail of a foot long; this was to counterbalance the weight of the front, before the fore-cross beam. So far their make is like ours, with the difference of length, which must be troublesome in the woods; but if my conjectures are right, they travel but little in the woods when the snow is on the ground; now this being placed on the ground and the

foot in it, it forms a curve from the surface, both ends being elevated. Their reason for this is obvious, for the two-fold purpose of preventing any quantity of snow from resting before the foot, and the other to accelerate their motions. Without causing suspicion, I could not venture to ascertain their exact numbers; but I conceived there could not be less than thirty-five grown-up persons, of whom probably two-thirds were women, some of the men being probably absent; the number of children was about thirty, and most of them not exceeding six years of age, and never certainly were finer infants seen.

"Whatever their numbers may be in the interior of Newfoundland, there did not appear to be any want of provision; the quantity of venison we saw packed up was very considerable; there were, besides, on the margin of the pond whole carcasses, which must have been killed ere the frost set in, seven of them being frozen within the ice; the packs were nearly three feet in length, and in breadth and depth fifteen inches, packed up with fat venison cleared of the bone, and in weight from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, each pack being neatly cased round with bark. The lakes and ponds abound with trout, and flocks of wild geese annually visit them in the months of May and October; and their vigorous appearance points out, that the exercise to procure food is only conducive to health.

"The opinion, therefore, of their numbers being few, because of their not being seen so much as formerly, is, I think, an erroneous one. That they should not appear near the coasts of the island is easily explained. The settlers thought they could not do a more meritorious act than to shoot an Indian whenever they could fall in with him. They were thus banished from their original haunts into the interior, of which they had probably but little knowledge, their chief dependance for food being fish and sea-fowl. They probably were not then, as now, provided with the proper implements for

killing deer, at least in sufficient quantities for their subsistence. As our establishments increased to the northward of Cape Freels, they were obliged to retreat farther from the coast; but the same evil that forced the natives to retreat, brought with it the means whereby they might still procure subsistence with a more independent life; for as the fisheries increased and the settlers became more numerous, the natives were enabled to obtain iron and other articles by plunder and from wrecks.

"There are various opinions as to the origin of the Newfoundland Indians; some conceiving them to have come from the continent of America, others that they are the descendants of the old Norwegian navigators, who are supposed to have discovered this island near a thousand years ago. I had persons with me that could speak the Norwegian and most of the dialects known in the north of Europe, but they could in no wise understand them; to me their speech appeared as a complete jargon, uttered with great rapidity and vehemence, and differed from all the other Indian tribes that I had heard, whose language generally flows in soft melodious sounds.

"The general face of the country in the interior exhibits a mountainous appearance, with rivers, ponds, and marshes in the intermediate levels or valleys; the timber, which is mostly white and red spruce, fine birch and ash, is much stunted in its growth, and those trees which have arrived at any considerable dimensions are generally decayed at the heart. In advancing into the interior, the birch diminishes both in size and quantity till it almost wholly disappears. In many places the woods are burnt down for a considerable extent, and in others young woods have sprung up, and their several growths evidently shew the fires to have been made at different periods, but none had been burnt for thirty miles below the lake; this general remark is made from observation on the banks of the river. The pond on which the natives were found does not appear to have been discovered from

any excursion from the north side of the island ; but there is no question of its having been seen in some route from the Bay of Islands along by the Humber River, or from St. George's Bay by a communication of waters ; for in Cook and Lane's chart, published by

Laurie and Whittle in May 1794, there is a pond delineated, which, from relative distances and appearances, I have no doubt to be the same on which our unfortunate companions lost their lives.*

* Of this catastrophe we gave an account in our last.—*Ed.*

CONFESSIONS OF A MURDERER.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

GOSSCHEN'S DIARY.....NO. I.

[The following striking narrative is translated from the MS. Memoirs of the late Rev. Dr. Gottlieb Michael Gosschen, a Catholic clergyman of great eminence in the city of Ratisbon. It was the custom of this divine to preserve, in the shape of a diary, a regular account of all the interesting particulars which fell in his way, during the exercise of his sacred profession. Two thick small quartos, filled with these strange materials, have been put into our hands by the kindness of Count Frederick von Lindenbaumenberg, to whom the worthy father bequeathed them. Many a dark story, well fitted to be the groundwork of a romance,—many a tale of guilty love and repentance,—many a fearful monument of remorse and horror, might we extract from this record of dungeons and confessionals. We shall from time to time do so, but sparingly, and what is still more necessary, with selection.]

NEVER had a murder so agitated the inhabitants of this city as that of Maria von Richterstein. No heart could be pacified till the murderer was condemned. But no sooner was his doom sealed, and the day fixed for his execution, than a great change took place in the public feeling. The evidence, though conclusive, had been wholly circumstantial. And people who, before his condemnation, were as assured of the murderer's guilt as if they had seen him with red hands, began now to conjure up the most contradictory and absurd reasons for believing in the possibility of his innocence. His own dark and sullen silence seemed to some, an indignant expression of that innocence which he was too proud to avow,—some thought they saw in his imperturbable demeanor, a resolution to court death, because his life was miserable, and his reputation blasted,—and others, the most numerous, without reason or reflection, felt such sympathy with the criminal, as

almost amounted to a negation of his crime. The man under sentence of death was, in all the beauty of youth, distinguished above his fellows for graceful accomplishments, and the last of a noble family. He had lain a month in his dungeon, heavily laden with irons. Only the first week he had been visited by several religionists, but he then fiercely ordered the jailor to admit no more "men of God,"—and till the eve of his execution, he had lain in dark solitude, abandoned to his own soul.

It was near midnight when a message was sent to me by a magistrate, that the murderer was desirous of seeing me. I had been with many men in his unhappy situation, and in no case had I failed to calm the agonies of grief, and the fears of the world to come. But I had known this youth—I knew also that there was in him a strange and fearful mixture of good and evil—I was aware that there were circumstances in the history of his progenitors not generally known—nay, in his own life—that made him an object of awful commiseration—and I went to his cell with an agitating sense of the enormity of his guilt, but a still more agitating one of the depth of his misery, and the wildness of his misfortunes.

I entered his cell, and the phantom struck me with terror. He stood erect in his irons, like a corpse that had risen from the grave. His face, once so beautiful, was pale as a shroud, and drawn into ghastly wrinkles. His black-matted hair hung over it with a terrible expression of wrathful and savage misery. And his large eyes,

which were once black, glared with a light in which all colour was lost, and seemed to fill the whole dungeon with their flashings. I saw his guilt—I saw what was more terrible than his guilt—his insanity—not in emaciation only—not in that more than death-like whiteness of his face—but in *all* that stood before me—the *figure*, round which was gathered the agonies of so many long days and nights of remorse and phrenzy—and of a despair that had no fears of this world or its terrors, but that was plunged in the abyss of eternity.

For a while the figure said nothing. He then waved his arm, that made his irons clank, motioning me to sit down on the iron frame-work of his bed; and when I did so, the murderer took his place by my side.

A lamp burned on a table before us—and on that table there had been drawn by the maniac—for I must indeed so call him—a decapitated human body—the neck as if streaming with gore—and the face writhed into horrible convulsions, but bearing a resemblance not to be mistaken to that of him who had traced the horrid picture. He saw that my eyes rested on this fearful mockery—and, with a recklessness fighting with despair, he burst out into a broken peal of laughter, and said, “to-morrow will you see that picture drawn in blood!”

He then grasped me violently by the arm, and told me to listen to his confession,—and then to say what I thought of God and his eternal Providence.

“I have been assailed by idiots, fools, and drivellers, who could understand nothing of me nor of my crime,—men who came not here that I might confess before God, but reveal myself to them,—and I drove the tamperers with misery and guilt out of a cell sacred to insanity. But my hands have played in infancy, long before I was a murderer, with thy gray hairs, and now, even that I am a murderer, I can still touch them with love and with reverence. Therefore my lips, shut to all besides, shall be opened unto thee.

“I murdered her. Who else loved her so well as to shed her innocent blood? It was I that enjoyed her beauty—a beauty surpassing that of the daughters of men,—it was I that filled her soul with bliss, and with trouble,—it was I alone that was privileged to take her life. I brought her into sin—I kept her in sin—and when she would have left her sin, it was fitting that I, to whom her heart, her body, and her soul belonged, should suffer no divorcement of them from my bosom, as long as there was blood in her’s,—and when I saw that the poor infatuated wretch was resolved—I slew her;—yes, with this blessed hand I stabbed her to the heart.

“Do you think there was no pleasure in murdering her? I grasped her by that radiant, that golden hair,—I bared those snow-white breasts,—I dragged her sweet body towards me, and, as God is my witness, I stabbed, and stabbed her with this very dagger, ten, twenty, forty times, through and through her heart. She never so much as gave one shriek, for she was dead in a moment,—but she would not have shrieked had she endured pang after pang, for she saw my face of wrath turned upon her,—she knew that my wrath was just, and that I did right to murder her who would have forsaken her lover in his insanity.

“I laid her down upon a bank of flowers,—that were soon stained with her blood. I saw the dim blue eyes beneath the half-closed lids,—that face so changeful in its living beauty was now fixed as ice, and the balmy breath came from her sweet lips no more. My joy, my happiness, was perfect. I took her into my arms—madly as I did on that night when first I robbed her of what fools called her innocence—but her innocence has gone with her to heaven—and there I lay with her bleeding breasts prest to my heart, and many were the thousand kisses that I gave those breasts, cold and bloody as they were, which I had many million times kissed in all the warmth of their loving loveliness, and which none were ever to kiss again but the husband who had murdered her.

"I looked up to the sky. There shone the moon and all her stars. Tranquillity, order, harmony, and peace, glittered throughout the whole universe of God. 'Look up, Maria, your favourite star has arisen.' I gazed upon her, and death had begun to change her into something that was most terrible. Her features were hardened and sharp,—her body stiff as a lump of frozen clay,—her fingers rigid and clenched,—and the blood that was once so beautiful in her thin blue veins was now hideously coagulated all over her corpse. I gazed on her one moment longer, and, all at once, I recollected that we were a family of madmen. Did not my father perish by his own hand? Blood had before been shed in our house. Did not that warrior ancestor of ours die raving in chains? Were not those eyes of mine always unlike those of other men? Wilder—at times fiercer—and oh! father, saw you never there a melancholy, too woful for mortal man, a look sent up from the darkness of a soul that God never visited in his mercy?

"I knelt down beside my dead wife. But I knelt not down to pray. No: I cried unto God, if God there be—'Thou madest me a madman! Thou madest me a murderer! Thou foredoomedst me to sin and to hell! Thou, thou, the gracious God whom we mortals worship. There is the sacrifice! I have done thy will,—I have slain the most blissful of all thy creatures;—am I a holy and commissioned priest, or am I an accursed and infidel murderer?'

"Father, you start at such words! You are not familiar with a madman's thoughts. Did I make this blood to boil so? Did I form this brain? Did I put that poison into my veins which flowed a hundred years since in the heart of that lunatic, my heroic ancestor? Had I not my being imposed, forced upon me, with all its red-rolling sea of dreams; and will you, a right holy and pious man, curse me because my soul was carried away by them as a ship is driven through the raging darkness of a storm? A thou-

sand times, even when she lay in resigned love in my bosom, something whispered to me, 'Murder her!' It may have been the voice of Satan—it may have been the voice of God. For who can tell the voice of heaven from that of hell? Look on this blood-crusted dagger—look on the hand that drove it to her heart, and then dare to judge of me and of my crimes, or comprehend God and all his terrible decrees!

"Look not away from me. Was I not once confined in a madhouse? Are these the first chains I ever wore? No. I remember things of old, that others may think I have forgotten. Dreams will disappear for a long, long time, but they will return again. It may have been some one like me that I once saw sitting chained, in his black melancholy, in a madhouse. I may have been only a stranger passing through that wild world. I know not. The sound of chains brings with it a crowd of thoughts, that come rushing upon me from a dark and far-off world. But if it indeed be true, that in my boyhood I was not as other happy boys, and that even then the clouds of God's wrath hung around me,—that God may not suffer my soul everlastingly to perish.

"I started up. I covered the dead body with bloody leaves, and tufts of grass, and flowers. I washed my hands from blood—I went to bed—I slept—yes, I slept—for there is no hell like the hell of sleep, and into that hell God delivered me. I did not give myself up to judgment. I wished to walk about with the secret curse of the murder in my soul. What could men do to me so cruel as to let me live? How could God curse me more in black and fiery hell than on this green and flowery earth? And what right had such men as those dull heavy-eyed burghers to sit in judgment upon me, in whose face they were afraid to look for a moment, lest one gleam of it should frighten them into idiocy? What right have they, who are not as I am to load me with their chains, or to let their villain executioner spill my blood?

If I deserve punishment—it must rise up in a blacker cloud under the hand of God in my soul.

“I will not kneel—a madman has no need of sacraments. I do not wish the forgiveness nor the mercy of God. All that I wish is the forgiveness of her I slew; and well I know that death cannot so change the heart that once had life, as to obliterate from THINE the merciful love of me! Spirits may in heaven have beautiful bosoms no more; but thou, who art a

spirit, wilt save him from eternal perdition, whom thou now knowest God created subject to a terrible disease. If there be mercy in heaven, it must be with thee. Thy path thither lay through blood: so will mine. Father! thinkst thou that we shall meet in heaven. Lay us at least in one grave on earth.”

In a moment he was dead at my feet. The stroke of the dagger was like lightning, and—

* * * * *

CLERICAL DUTY TO MALEFACTORS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

To the Editor—Sir,

THE deeds of horror and of villany which have been perpetrated in this country from the murders of the Marrs and Williamsons, attest a depravity never known before; and, when at length worldly justice overtakes the criminals, we behold them dying with all the paraphernalia of religious penitence, faith, and hope, yet without confession of the condemning sin. Surely the mind of every one who believes in the all-wise, all-just God of truth, must be filled with horror at the scene of hypocrisy and delusion which takes place; while the law loses its terrors, and sin beguiles its fears; and wickedness, with greater hope, spreads further and wider. The gospel gives us one instance of dying repentance, hence there is hope; and but one, hence there is fear. How different was that one from any of these:—“We receive the due reward of our deeds,” said the dying malefactor before all the people; and with his penitence, even at that late hour, proving his faith,—“Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;” while his Lord was dying on the cross; but among these we have all the outward acts of holiness, long prayers, and verbal professions of general sin, penitence, &c.; but the only act that can prove truth is omitted, or in some cases delayed, till the sufferer himself is beyond the effect of it. Thus, Channel, just condemned for murdering

his father, is told to make his peace with God, and the unconfessing paricide declares, that he has already made his peace with God; thus Hussey, declaring himself innocent, is most exemplarily penitent, and writes fine letters, worthy of publication; yet, just at the last, by the perseverance of the priest, owns the actual sin. Are mere words to make our peace with God? Does he want us to confess to him? Does the priest only wish to have his own curiosity gratified? Is there any meaning in a private confession to God and the priest, and from which confession mankind is to reap no benefit? The security is false, the comfort is vain, without sincerity. “If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?” Is this the religion of truth? Is this Christianity? where the convict professes his innocence, makes his peace with God (as he and others call it,) by continual and fervent prayer; and now, when worldly hope of a reprieve, or of a mitigation of his sentence, is past, acknowledges the sin? Were not all his acts of penitence performed with hypocrisy at his heart, and can these acts avail him before the God of truth? Surely all his acts of penitence were falsehoods,—were additional sins,—they were but a cloak to the robber and the murderer. “I suffer the penalty of the law; why should I involve others?

Why should I injure the reputation of my family, my relations, and my friends? I will be true to my companions—I will not make myself the object of popular indignation." Assuredly, there is no need of any public confession and remorse, if the things of this world have the first place in the heart; but there is every need, if there be a hope of another world. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me," says the God of truth. There can be no faith in Christ, and hence no hope in Christ, unless the penitent labours, as well as he is able, to prove his truth. It is the first thing that the penitent is to do, to confess as publicly as his confession is likely to be of service in convicting sin in himself, or in others, in shewing the debasing nature of sin in his own person, in making reparation to the injured laws of his country, and in bringing truth to light before all men, though he himself may not see all the good consequences of the same.

Confession precedes absolution. Where the sin has been general, let the confession be so too; but, where the sin has been particular and public, so must the confession be. The public and particular confessions of a Rousseau were most contemptible, but from a Hussey they were imperiously demanded, as that justice towards man which might be

acceptable to God. With what propriety can the public minister attend on the convict who will not confess that for which he is convicted? This should be the priest's language—"Innocent or guilty, truth can alone, through Christ, make your prayers of any avail; your case becomes more and more grievous and dangerous, by every appearance of religion, as long as you deny the truth. If I advise you, or pray with you, or administer the sacrament to you, I am the unwilling means of evil, not of good till your heart be sincere and true. There is not a robber, an adulterer, or a murderer, now rioting in full sin, and success, and ease, whose case is not more favourable than your own now is, with all your penitence, and sorrow, and preparation for death, as long as you persevere in falsehood and deceit." Most earnestly would I caution all attending priests—their office is not to call the righteous, but the sinner to repentance; and repentance can only be proved by the utmost sincerity, the most earnest endeavours to undo every evil, and a constant eagerness and anxiety to recompence, to serve, to oblige, and to be obedient, in all the different ways in which they may promote any good on the part of the offender.

C. LUCAS.

Devizes; Sept. 4, 1818.

THE RECLUSE OF THE PYRENEES....A POEM.

From the Literary Panorama.

THIS poem is evidently an imitation of Lord Byron's style and manner. The fable is briefly as follows: Mansel, a British Officer, who had been left desperately wounded on the field of battle, on the Pyrenees, is in danger of being devoured by the wolves that followed the contending armies; but just as one of them is in the act of springing on him, the beast is killed by a shot from an invisible hand. Mansel's deliverer is the *Recluse*, Count Alba, who conducts him to his castle, and tends his wounds with the utmost care. On his return to health, Mansel begins to think on a lovely form, that

had glanced upon him as he entered the castle; unable to control his feelings, While 'the fresh cool air of midnight breath'd around,' Mansel
—left the couch where he no rest had found,
With restless feet the corridor to pace.

Here his attention is arrested by some exquisitely sweet but melancholy notes; and, observing a distant figure, which he pursues in hope of meeting with the object of his passion, he follows these strains through various winding passages, until he meets with 'a youthful beauty' kneeling before an altar

With arms upon her bosom meekly cross'd.

While 'Mansel stood, bewilder'd

and amaz'd,' Count Alba suddenly addresses him ; and informs him that he beholds 'the mockery of life,'—the marble figure of the Count's departed wife, with whom he had fled from a convent. Although she escaped the toils laid for her by her pursuers, the terrors of excommunication, which had been thundered against her preyed upon her mind, and she died prematurely, after giving birth to a lovely child. Here the poem abruptly terminates ; and the anonymous author informs us, in a note, that, "should any further curiosity exist as to the ultimate fate of these personages, (Mansel and the Count's daughter,) the reader may perhaps have some future opportunity of satisfying it."

There is so much true poetry, and delicate feeling in this production, closely as it treads in Lord Byron's steps, that we cannot but wish the author may be induced to publish a second part, and finish the tale he has so ably commenced. We transcribe two or three stanzas, descriptive of Mansel's danger and deliverance.

Helpless he lies, upon his bloody lair,
No comrades' watchful eye to guard him there ;
Their hearts are cold, their gallant spirits flown ;
And, if indeed he breathes—he breathes alone—
'Tis hard so say, if those pale lips still hold
The beaming monarch, of his earthly mould ;
Or have those gaping wounds a passage given,
For the unfetter'd soul to soar to Heaven ?
Ah no ! the labouring breast that deeply swells,
Shows that the vital flame within it dwells—
Struggling—and slow, he draws the gasping breath
That seems to wrestle with the arm of Death !
And, as returning strength warms each dull vein,
The muscles quiver with awaking pain—
And features too that stunn'd in torpor lay,
Now shrink with anguish—and convulsive play,
Yet still he sleeps—as if a spell had bound
His form in leaden slumber to the ground !
Yet still he sleeps !—if sleep indeed it be
To feel—yet know not, wounds and agony :

The midnight air was clearly cold and keen,
And as young Mansel gaz'd on that dread scene,
He felt it probe his rankling wounds again—
Nor found he that proud apathy to pain,
Which nerves the valiant in th' combat's heat,
When danger charms, and death itself is sweet.
He stood like lonely wretch, escap'd a wreck,
Whose grateful joy the fears of famine check ;
Who almost wishes that the roaring wave
Had giv'n at once a momentary grave.
His feeble frame began to sink and faint,
While cheating memory would fondly paint

Those kindred spirits, now how doubly dear,
When hope seem'd lost, and death was hov'ring near ;
No faithful friend to read the dying eye
That beams affection, when the tongue is dry.

While lost in that dark loneliness of mind,
A meaning sound arose, like mountain wind
When first it murmurs in the gloomy hold,
Where cavern'd deep it lies, benumb'd with cold—
Again it sounds ! a fear awaking yell !
As spirits of the waste, or spectres fell,
The deep voice'd echoes to the cries reply,
From rock to rock in piercing shriek they fly.
At length a rav'ning troop of wolves are seen,
Shaggy and gaunt, with eyes of fiery gleam,
Rioting, on their luscious feast they break,
And in the purple gore their hot thirst slake ;
With foaming jaws the mangled corse they rip,
And from the white firm bone the soft flesh strip ;
There, o'er a youthful form that mocks at life,
Gorging, and growling, urge they wrangling strife ;
Those manly limbs, where shone a matchless grace,
Disjointed, torn—are left without a trace—
Like some fair temple, which the thunder-flame
Has scatter'd wide in ruin o'er the plain.
Was it for this—their mothers o'er them smiled,
And kiss'd the cherub-lips of each dear child,
And felt a proud exulting joy to see
Each blooming blossom reach maturity...
And fondly hop'd that well spent years would crown
Their honour'd heads with wisdom's hoary down ?
Was it for this—that beauty's eyes have beam'd,
Delighted with the future scenes they dream'd ;
On each lov'd breast in silent rapture hung,
And blush'd to hear the music of each tongue ?

Now fill'd and glutted, slow they mumbling feast,
The victors of the field—in thought at least ;
While some a banquet view, with longing eyes,
Where the warm luxury of life still lies ;
With hankering jaws around, sullen they howl,
Claiming the victim with a snarling growl.
He stood defenceless—yet the cowards wait !
Resign'd he stood, to meet the blow of Fate ;
And yet they pause !—but not in mercy there,
Their greedy teeth they gnash, their red eyes glare,
Ready to spring, thronging they crouch around ;
And yet they pause—as if in magic bound !
'Twas Mansel's firm, and bold, unfaltering glance
That fixt them motionless, in harmless trance ;
It was that mighty magic of the mind,
That for a moment can the tiger bind,
The monarch bid of Afric's burning sand
Turn baulk'd away, or check'd and daunted stand.
A moment eow'd they stood...then with a bound,
And roaring yell that made the rocks resound,
A shaggy monster sprung...but sprung in vain,
The whistling death-shot crash'd his giddy brain !
Dash'd to the earth, the daring felon lies,
And wreathing in the dust...convulsive dies !

Some instances of careless rhymes occur in this elegant poem, which the author will doubtless correct in a future edition, and avoid in any continuation which he may hereafter publish.

M. DUPIN'S JOURNEY IN ENGLAND.

From the New Monthly Magazine, December 1818.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST JOURNEY IN ENGLAND, IN 1816, MADE BY M. CHARLES DUPIN.*

IN a modest address to the French Society, of which he is a member,

* *M. DUPIN is a protégé of the celebrated Carnot, and a brother of the advocate M. DUPIN, who defended Sir ROBERT WILSON in his trial. He was educated at the Polytechnic School, and was a favorite pupil of M. MONGE, the founder of that School. Recently, on the death of his illustrious preceptor, he has been appointed to fill his place as a member of the Institute. M. Dupin is a Captain of Engineers, and a superintendant of the marine constructions in the Dock-yard at Dunkirk. He is about 30 years of age, and, being equally conversant with the mathematical and physical sciences, and with several of their practical applications, while he possesses an ardent and enterprising spirit; it seems to have occurred to him that he could not find a readier road to distinction, than would present itself in a careful scientific examination of the principal military, maritime, and commercial establishments of Great Britain.*

We think it due to M. Dupin to say, that he has conducted his enquiries, and detailed his results, with a mind far more free from national prejudices, than any preceding scientific traveller from the same country.---His feelings as a Frenchman, however, lead him to one mistaken inference, which, as it pervades the whole volume from which this narrative is extracted, we shall briefly correct. M. Dupin regards most of the great works, which he saw in the British empire, as resulting from the impulse given to the arts and sciences by the French Revolution; and especially as practical applications of the profound theories developed within the last 30 years, by the members of the French Institute. With no wish whatever to depreciate the inventions and discoveries of that learned body, we can most seriously and conscientiously assure M. Dupin, that all he saw and admired in England, would have been precisely the same if those ingenious mathematicians and philosophers had never written a single line. The architects and civil engineers of Britain, are none of them profound mathematicians. Scarcely any of them know more than the rudiments of mechanics, hydrodynamics, and pneumatics, but happily, these are sufficient to preserve them from errors in their constructions. Even the Descriptive Geometry, so peculiarly fitted, as the French conceive, to guide the labours of architects and engineers, and to the perfection of which MONGE, HACHETTE, and our author, M. DUPIN, have so richly contributed, is scarcely known, except to our theoretical mathematicians; our practical men are, with a few exceptions, as ignorant of this elegant product of French ingenuity, as they are of La Place's elaborate investigations in physical astronomy. No; our architects and engineers derive their eminence as their great works do

M. Dupin observes, that the favour with which his former labours have been honoured, in which it seems he has described whatever is worthy of notice relative to the French maritime establishments, has stimulated him to examine the same sort of establishments amongst a people who, for more than a century, have held the sceptre of the seas, and who, instead of resting satisfied with the superiority they have attained, endeavour most sedulously to approach towards perfection.

The author then proceeds to speak in the highest terms of the kindness and polite assistance he received in England from the most illustrious men of science, who were eager to testify their friendship for him, and to evince their respect for those members of the Institute who had furnished him with letters of recommendation. "The names of Berthollet, Humboldt, Lacede, Prony, &c. (says he) opened to me the cabinet of the philosopher, as well as the work-rooms of the artists; so that by time and perseverance I gained the object of my aim." He then proceeds to give the following outline of his visits and observations, which is however, to be enlarged upon so as to form an elaborate work.

In my first tour (says he)* I visited the establishments of London, which are connected either directly or indirectly with the Navy, all the grand military stations, and the two most important commercial ports, next to the capital, those of Bristol and Liverpool.

London offered itself to my observation under three different points of view:—First, as the greatest mercantile port of the kingdom; secondly, as a focus

their value, from other sources than those to which M. Dupin usually adverts; and we are persuaded that if a man of his acumen should honour this country with a third visit, he will be able to trace them to those sources.

* *The author made two visits to England for the purposes in question, one in 1816 and the other in the last and present year.*

of industry for whatever relates to the maritime arts ; and thirdly, as the centre of the operations of the British Navy. Let us then take a rapid survey of the capital of that Empire, under these different aspects.

London enjoys *naturally* an advantage which Paris ought to have enjoyed long since, through the *efforts of art*, that of being a maritime port. Large ships go up the Thames in full sail, and come to anchor almost at the arches of London Bridge. On going down the river towards the sea, you see on each side of it, five, six, seven, or eight vessels ranged alongside each other, and these lines succeed almost without interruption, to an immense length. Nevertheless, this is only a portion of the merchant ships of the capital. All those which belong to the EAST INDIA TRADE have their Docks and private Basons, one for import and another for export-goods. All the ships which carry on the WEST INDIA TRADE have their's also ; and the ships of all nations are indiscriminately received in the LONDON DOCKS, while the GREENLAND DOCK, formerly appropriated to the vessels concerned in the whale fishery, being enlarged by the labours of late years, is now devoted to a more extensive object.

It is not more than twenty years since this last mentioned Dock, now the smallest of all, was the only one in that quarter. The war breaking out, and the Continent of Europe becoming impoverished, the commerce of England seemed to withdraw before our victorious flags, and we thought that Great Britain was exhausted, and on the point of ruin. But while our eyes were beclouded by the incense from the altars of our glory, an unlooked-for opulence overflowed the British Empire ; her rivers were no longer large enough to hold all the ships, and a lesser number of years sufficed for private individuals to construct, at their own expense, the Docks which receive the merchant fleets of the two hemispheres, than was required for a triumphant Government to build a few of the quays on the Seine. Such are the prodigies of the ocean !

This great lesson will perhaps enable us at a future time to understand the real sources of power and national prosperity. But I must here confine myself to speaking of the *chef-d'œuvres* of art, and not of their results.

The formation and building of the Wet Docks and Basons of England differ essentially from labours of the same kind which have been executed in France.—Instead of being, like ours, bounded by quays, formed of smooth walls, inclined or vertical, with stones placed in horizontal layers, these walls are concave at the exterior, or the side next the water ; and the layers of stone are joined perpendicularly at the surface. The piles are also inclined, and planted perpendicularly to the inferior face of the lowest stratum. The entry to the sluices is built upon a similar and equally advantageous plan. In short, the flood-gates, instead of being formed by two masses, plain and abutting at the ends are formed by two vertical cylinders, the convexity of which makes an arch or vault, for resisting the pressure of the water. The advantage of these curvilinear over our rectilinear forms, with respect to economy and solidity, can be geometrically demonstrated.

Hydraulic works in England are distinguished by the constant use of the steam-engine for exhaustion, and for all those manœuvres which require great and continual efforts on the spot. The removal of earth, the conveyance of stones, sand, lime, &c. are all performed by little four-wheeled carriages, drawn by one horse, and moving on an iron rail-way. These roads are composed of materials that are laid down and removed with the greatest facility, and the advantage they afford is immense. Indeed England is indebted to them for a part of her riches ; for without them coals, minerals, and primary substances of all kinds, could never have been conveyed to great distances at hardly any expense.

The excavations under water, when the bottom is muddy or sandy, are made by a chaplet or line of buckets, fixed on the sides of barges, and kept in circular motion by a steam-engine. I shall specify as a model of this mode of clearing,

the machine employed at the West India Docks.

A barge bearing the steam-engine which moves the buckets, is conveyed to any part of the Docks, the bottom of which it is necessary to clear or cleanse. Another vessel of the barge kind, which is to receive and carry away the excavated mud or sand, is fixed alongside the former, and receives the contents of the buckets as they empty themselves by their rotatory motion. When a barge is loaded it moves off, and another takes its place; it is then laid under another line of buckets, moved by another engine, stationed at the edge of the Dock. The contents are thus raised and emptied into vehicles which go round the wall of the building, and spread them like a torrent, in a large vacant spot. This system of clearing is not only extremely simple, but vastly economical. By means of the apparatus here described, the English have not only dug out and cleared large basons, but have rendered streams navigable which were not so before, and have also removed sand-banks which obstructed certain parts of the course of their most important rivers.

Another machine not less remarkable, and which is employed in all grand hydraulic works, is the Diving-bell. The form of the kind now in general use, is that of a truncated square pyramid, the great base of which is open and turned towards the bottom. Within this pyramidal trunk, two men, who descend sitting on two benches, can rise and work at their ease. Ten lenticular glasses fixed in the upper base of the bell, combine to refract as much light as gives the requisite illumination at a great depth under water. A pneumatic machine resembling a fire-engine, serves by means of a long leather tube, to convey fresh air incessantly into the bell.

Sometimes this bell is suspended to a moveable axle, formed of two systems of indented bars, which, by their directions and functions, represent co-ordinate rectangular axles. By means of these axles the centre of the bell is plac-

ed over any desired point. On entering it they descend at pleasure by the aid of the axle, and the chain or rope. This apparatus is employed in building those parts of the walls of a quay which lie under water, and thus it is unnecessary to have recourse to the expensive method of erecting coffer-dams. Sometimes the bell is suspended at the poop of a vessel which conveys it where required. This machine is also employed to raise in rivers, road-steads, harbours, and docks, any ponderous articles which may have sunk, such as anchors, cannon, the remains of wrecked ships, &c. It is likewise made use of to prepare, for being blown up, rocks which are under water, and dangerous to navigation.*

Hence, if we consider the machinery now employed by the English in their great undertakings, we shall find that an immense change has been effected in the course of a few years.

The basons and other works built in former times were enclosed by a simple system of timber-work. It was however thought, and with reason, that by devoting a small capital to these labours, the expense of keeping in repair and renewing such perishable constructions would be repaid with interest. But when maritime operations assumed an excessive activity, it was perceived that their frequent interruption, produced by repairs and rebuilding, caused a loss which might be amply repaid by a moderate expenditure. Upon this principle, bricks and cast-iron have been gradually substituted for wood in the docks of commerce; and

* *We know not whether it be the prejudice to which we have pointed in a preceding annotation, or real ignorance of any such apparatus, that should lead M. Dupin to class the Diving-bell among the inventions of the last 30 years. He might have learnt from any of our Encyclopædias, and from some such works printed at Paris, that Diving-bells were employed in raising some of the treasure lost in the ships of the Spanish Armada, that were sunk near the isle of Mull in 1588: that Sinclair (ars nova et magna gravitatis et levitatis, 1669), Phipps, Kessler, Halley, Trieswald, Spalding, Smeaton, and a long list of others in succession, had in the compass, not of 30, but of 230 years, brought the apparatus from the rude state in which it first existed, to the finished, elegant, and safe submarine vehicle which he describes.*

free-stone, marble, and granite, in the ports of the state.

This change is very striking along the banks of the Thames, where the oldest dock-yards still contain basons and slips constructed of wood ; while the more modern establishments present nothing but quays and embankments of masonry. Along the Thames there are but very few of those modes of building formed by imbedding the hull of an old vessel in the soil of the shore, with its end next the river cut open for a flood-gate. Another change not less remarkable is effected in the timber edifices built on land. Wherever there was reason to fear accidents from fire, wood has been replaced by iron.

One of the finest works of this kind is a storehouse built by Mr. Rennie, along the grand *West India Dock*. It is eight hundred yards long, and is sustained by hollow columns of iron ; the beams, the joists, the rafters and laths are likewise all of iron. Those parts which have only pressure to bear are of cast-iron ; those which have to resist tension are of wrought-iron. The longitudinal elements of this system are so combined, that its various parts can either be extended or contracted, without altering the whole length of the building. If this precaution had not been taken, it is apprehended that the least variation of temperature, would upon a length of eight hundred yards, have thrown out the extreme columns, and quickly have effected the destruction of the whole edifice.

In the course of this memoir I shall have several opportunities of mentioning the new and ingenious purposes to which wrought and cast-iron are applied in England.

The great docks or basons of London are surrounded by cellars, storehouses, and sheds of an immense extent. The quays are often covered with iron rail-ways, and have numerous cranes likewise of iron, which are of various sizes, shapes, and mechanism.

Near to the *East India Docks* is the largest commercial Dock-yard along

the Thames. I saw one of the India company's ships launched from it, of 1300 tons burthen. This ship was a model of perfection ; there were three others of a similar size, on slips in the same yard.

London, considered as a focus of industry for the maritime arts, contains a number of important establishments.---*The Royal Society of London, the Society for the encouragement of Arts, the British Museum, and the Royal Institution*, are the principal sources from which to collect materials for the theoretical part. It is about thirty years since a society was formed for the improvement of naval architecture ; it made many very important experiments in Greenland Dock, on the resistance experienced by bodies moving in water. This society, abandoned by the Government, and perhaps counteracted secretly by powerful individuals, was dissolved after ten years of commendable labours.

With respect to the practical part of the maritime arts, I shall mention some of the principal establishments that I visited.

The manufactory of MAUDSLEY, in the Borough of Southwark, is one of the most interesting in reference to applications of iron. There may be seen in the Conservatory of the Arts and Trades at Paris, one of the small steam-engines made at this manufactory. At the same place were made the machines of M. BRUNEL, of which I shall presently have occasion to speak. There were also made at it, for the British Navy, 7000 iron cases, each capable of containing about two cubic metres of water. The introduction of these water-boxes on board ships is an incalculable advantage, both for preserving the purity of the water and the health of the crews.

In another part of London, Messrs. HUDDART and BROWN have established two manufactories, one for ships' cordage, and the other for iron cables.---HUDDART's ropes are spun and formed by the action of steam, on the principle of equal tension of all the threads, which gives them much greater strength

than by the ordinary method of spinning. The cables of Captain BROWN are of two sorts: one being formed of flat chains, and the other of half-twisted ones. The former seem more fit for resistance in proportion to their length; but the latter appear to be more easily worked. Thus the one is preferred for holding dead weights at anchorages, and the other for being embarked on board the ships. Captain BROWN has also taken out a patent for the manufacture of iron bridges, which are extremely light, and may be furnished at a cheap rate.—The greatest advantage of his plan is, that where some parts of a bridge have decayed or given way, either from age or accident, one can by means of a very simple instrument, take down and renew successively as many parts as may be necessary, without being obliged to erect large scaffold-works for the purpose. Thus a whole bridge may be rebuilt, piece by piece, at a very small expense.

Those arts in which iron and hemp are used, have made great advancement towards perfection, by the emulation that exists between the inventors of new processes, and the followers of the old methods. The former to prove the su-

periority of the means which they attempt to introduce, have been forced to make comparative experiments in a large way, on the strength of the unwrought and the wrought materials, from which has resulted an abundance of positive information of great importance to the ultimate progress of industry.

It is also near London that M. Brunel has built his manufactory for circular saws. These saws cut the smallest veneers from enormous blocks of satin wood. The operation is performed with such perfection, that the workmen have hardly any thing to do but arrange the slips as they come from the mill: they have but merely to rub them to take off the roughness, and they are then perfectly plain. I shall hereafter describe the structure and operation of these saws, the largest of which is six metres, (19 2-thirds feet) in diameter. But I should exceed the limits of this analytical memoir, if I were to give only an outline of all the articles manufactured at, and sent from London, for the use both of the merchant ships and those of the state. I shall therefore proceed to take a view of London as the centre of the operations of the British Navy.

Continued in our next.

WATER TURNED INTO MARBLE....MOUNT ARARAT.

From the Literary Gazette.

A SECOND JOURNEY THROUGH PERSIA, ARMENIA, ASIA MINOR, &c. BETWEEN THE YEARS 1810 AND 1816. BY JAMES MORIER, ESQ. &c. &c. LONDON. 1818.

WE have more than once had occasion to mention the monuments of Tabriz marble, but the account of its formation and quarry affords a picture of one of the most curious sights in the whole range of these travels;—

“This natural curiosity consists of certain extraordinary ponds or plashe, whose indolent waters by a slow and regular process stagnate, concrete, and petrify; and produce that beautiful transparent stone, commonly called Tabriz marble, which is so remarkable

in most of the burial places in Persia, and which forms a chief ornament in all the buildings of note throughout the country. These ponds, which are situated close to one another, are contained in a circumference of about half a mile, and their position is marked by confused heaps and mounds of the stone, which have accumulated as the excavations have increased. We had seen nothing in Persia yet which was more worthy of the attention of the naturalist than this; and I never so much regretted my ignorance of subjects of this nature, because I felt that it is of consequence they should be brought into notice by scientific observation. However, rather than omit all

description of a spot, which perhaps no Europeans but ourselves have had the opportunity of examining, and on which, therefore, we are bound (in justice to those opportunities) not to withhold the information which we obtained, I will venture to give the following notes of our visit, relying on the candour and the science of my reader to fill up my imperfect outline.

"On approaching the spot, the ground has a hollow sound, with a particularly dreary and calcined appearance, and when upon it, a strong mineral smell arises from the ponds. The process of petrification is to be traced from its first beginning to its termination. In one part, the water is clear, in a second, it appears thicker and stagnant, in a third, quite black, and in its last stage, is white like a hoar frost. Indeed, a petrified pond looks like frozen water, and before the operation is quite finished, a stone slightly thrown upon it breaks the outer coating, and causes the black water underneath to exude. Where the operation is complete, a stone makes no impression, and a man may walk upon it without wetting his shoes. Whenever the petrification has been hewn into, the curious progress of the concretion is clearly seen, and shews itself like sheets of rough paper placed one over the other in accumulated layers. Such is the constant tendency of this water to become stone, that where it exudes from the ground in bubbles, the petrification assumes a globular shape, as if the bubbles of a spring, by a stroke of magic, had been arrested in their play, and metamorphosed into marble. These stony bubbles, which form the most curious specimens of this extraordinary quarry, frequently contain with them portions of the earth through which the water has oozed.

"The substance thus produced is brittle, transparent, and sometimes most richly streaked with green, red, and copper-coloured veins. It admits of being cut into immense slabs, and takes a good polish. We did not remark that any plant except rushes grew in the water. The shortest and best definition that can be given of the ponds,

is that which Quintus Curtius gives of the Lake Ascanius—*Aqua sponte con-crescens.*"*

The Lake of *Shahee*, or Maragha, an inland sea of about 280 miles in circumference, is close to these remarkable ponds. From all the travellers could learn, it is generally very shallow, being from one cubit to three or four in its greatest depth. A causeway was mentioned as crossing this expanse of water, which it is probable is a work of great antiquity:—

"The same fact which appears in the Caspian Sea, the Dead Sea, and many other lakes in the globe, is also to be remarked here: I mean the daily reception of a great quantity of water without any visible increase in the lake itself. No less than fourteen rivers of different sizes discharge themselves into the lake of *Shahee*; and although from the general character of Persian rivers, I should not suppose any of them to be so large as the Jordan,† yet still collectively they cannot fail to make up a very large mass of water. Instead of increase, there are many visible signs of diminution of the water, from which we may conclude, that the evaporation is greater than the supplies from the rivers.

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 "This lake resembles in many things, what Sandys calls "that cursed lake Asphaltides,"§ or the Dead Sea. Like it, its water seems dull and heavy, and the late Mr. Brown found that it contains more salt than that of the sea. We were informed, that as soon as the rivers disgorge any of their fish into it, they immediately die. We saw swans in the lake, near the coast contiguous to Shirameen. Like the Dead Sea, it also supplies the adjacent country with a salt of beautiful transparency, although the inhabitants generally prefer the rock salt, which is cut from quarries in the neighbourhood of the petrifications."

Though Mount Ararat has been frequently described, there is so much no-

* *Lib. xi. c. 12.*

† *Shaw, vol. ii. p. 156.*

§ *Sandys' Travels, 7th edit. p. 110.*

velty in Mr. Morier's observations, that we cannot resist our desire to extract them; and the memorable nature of the place would, we are sure, procure our pardon for a longer and less interesting narrative:—

“During the long time that we were in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat, although we made frequent plans for attempting to ascend it, yet we were always impeded by some reason or other. We were encamped before it at the very best season for such an undertaking, namely, during the month of August, and saw it at the time that it has the least snow upon it.

“The impossibility of reaching its extreme summit, even on the side where it is apparently most easy of access, was decided (so we were assured) some years ago by the Pacha of Bayazid. He departed from that city with a large party of horsemen, at the most favourable season, and ascended the mountain on the Bayazid side as high as he could on horseback. He caused three stations to be marked out on the ascent, where he built huts and collected provisions. The third station was the snow. He had no difficulty in crossing the region of snow, but when he came to the great cap of ice that covers the top of the cone, he could proceed no farther, because several of his men were there seized with violent oppressions of the chest from the great rarefaction of the air. He had before offered large rewards to any one who should reach the top, but although many Courds who live at its base have attempted it, all have been equally unsuccessful. Besides the great rarefaction of the air, his men had to contend with dangers of the falling ice, large pieces of which were constantly detaching themselves from the main body and rolling down. During the summer, the cap of ice on its summit is seen to shine with a glow quite distinct from snow, and if the old inhabitants may be believed, this great congealed mass has visibly increased since they first knew it. - - - - -

“The snow-worms, so confidently mentioned by Strabo as existing in the

Caucasus (lib. xi.) and as generally believed by the Persians and Armenians to exist at the present day in the snows of Ararat, appear to be fabulous. We repeatedly offered rewards to those who would bring us one, but never succeeded. The Persians represent them as a small white worm, so excessively cold that one will effectually cool a large bowl of sherbet. In the month of August on approaching towards the top of Ararat, and even at the village of Akhora, the noise of the cracking ice is said to be heard during the hottest part of the day, which is from the hours of two to four. When near the snow the sound is described as most awful, but those who have witnessed the fall of a large mass of ice from the cliff into the chasm, declare that nothing can equal the concussion.

“Treman lespaziose atre caverne
E' l'aer ciceo a quel rumor rimbomba.”

“The sign of the greatest heat is when the snow has entirely left the summit of *Little Ararat*. When encamped on the heights of *Aberan*, we watched its daily diminution, until it completely vanished. At this period the cultivators of melons cut their fruit, and in general the snows of Ararat are used by the agriculturists of *Erivan* as a calendar, by which they regulate the sowing, planting, and reaping of their fields. The *Eelauts* also are guided in their motions by the operations of the weather on this mountain, keeping to their *Yelaks*, or descending from them according to the falls of snow.

“The soil of this great mountain appears to be one immense heap of stones, confusedly thrown together, unenlivened by vegetation. Here and there indeed are a few plants; but *Tournefort's* circumstantial relation will show how scanty are the gleanings of the botanist. In many parts of the *Little Ararat* are tracts of a very soft stone, and in others a species of vitrification. Lava is also to be seen, but the soil which most frequently intervenes between the rocks is a deep sand.

“The wilds of this mountain give refuge to all the rogues and outlaws of the surrounding country; and there is a

cavern between the great and little Ararat in so strong a situation, that not long since some turbulent Courds who had taken possession of it, held it in despite of the Serdar and his forces."

We cannot take our leave of this volume without again declaring how much pleasure it has afforded us. It

has given us a perfect view of the country, morally, politically, and naturally. Even its external forms are presented in well-executed wood-cuts, and beautiful plates; some of them richly coloured; and upon the whole we may say, that we have here one of the few books where there is every thing to praise and nothing to censure.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OFFICERS ENGAGED IN THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

We have been favoured with the following copy of a letter from an officer employed in the recent attempt to approach the north pole, to his friend in Scotland.

Deptford, 4th Nov. 1818.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I told you, on leaving England, that you would first hear from me by way of Kamskatka, or the Columbia river, I little expected that my first letter to you would be dated from the Thames: yet so it is, to our most bitter disappointment and mortification; for so very sanguine were we all of success, that we had appropriated to our two ships' companies alone the two parliamentary rewards of five-and-twenty-thousand pounds, rejecting all overtures to share with the *north-westers*, whom we now find to be in the fairest way possible to do the job. And this, by the way, adds not a little to our mortification; not that we do not hope most sincerely that they may succeed, but because we exercised a sort of triumph over them before our departure, and made ourselves sure of reaching the Pacific before them; having so much a nearer, and, as we thought, so much a fairer, prospect of a free and open passage across the Polar Basin, as Mr. Barrow calls it, into the Pacific.

Another subject of mortification, and that not the least, is, that people here, with whom we converse, entertain the most absurd notions of our failure; nay, some go so far as to say, that the attempt was nothing less than impious, to pass the frozen boundary which God has been pleased to set to man's researches; foolishly fancying that there is a fixed and impenetrable boundary, and ignorant that many navigators have passed three or four degrees beyond the spot where we were stopped. They know not, in fact, that the disposition of the ice is different every year, and, I may add, every month. In the present year, unluckily for us, it happened to be placed peculiarly unfavourable for a passage through it. The almost perpetual southerly and southwesterly winds hemmed it in to the northward, and choked up the narrow channel between Old Greenland and Spitzbergen, while the northeasterly current, setting round Hakluyt's Headland, not only helped to join it fast, but brought also a constant accession of field-ice.

Our persevering efforts to penetrate through this extensive accumulation of ice, turned out to be the unfortunate cause of our failure, as you will see by the following brief narrative, which I detail from memory, as all our journals have been sent up to the Admiralty, with the view, we take for granted, of being published: for though we have done little or nothing, and the question of a polar passage, or the possibility of approaching the pole, remains precisely as it did before our departure from England, yet we should not be sorry that our humble endeavours were found to be worthy a niche in the temple of Fame, and to be hereafter included in some of those numerous "Collections of Voyages of Discovery" which find a place in the libraries of our countrymen.

We reached Hakluyt's Headland on the 7th June, and standing on among the loose ice, to the lat. $80^{\circ} 22'$, fell in with six or seven whale-fishers, from whom we learned that all was close to the westward. The wind, being north-east, brought with it large flows of ice drifting away to the southward, which gave us the greatest hopes of finding a passage round the land to the eastward; and in fact, in the course of a few days, we observed much clear water in that direction. We were soon, however, beset in the ice, and remained immoveable for several days. At length a strong easterly wind dispersed the ice, and set us free; and we reached an anchorage towards the end of June, near the land called *Vogel Sang*. Here we remained about a week, observing with great pleasure vast masses of ice continuing to float to the south-west, and at the end of that time were gratified by the appearance of an open sea to the north-east. We had not proceeded far, however, in that direction, till we were again beset by the floating ice, in which we remained several days. It was now, I believe, about the 20th of July, when we got out of the ice, and stood once more to the westward, being then, as we judged, (for the weather would not admit of taking observations) in lat. $80^{\circ} 30'$, this being the highest degree of latitude we could reach.

On the 29th July we had a heavy swell from the southward, with large masses of stream-ice in motion, which the ships with difficulty avoided, and which in fact struck them frequently very hard. On the following day we stood towards the main body of

the ice in the north-east quarter. The weather now became squally, the atmosphere was loaded with clouds, and the barometer continued gradually to fall. Our distance from the ice was not more than five miles; and by a shift of the wind to the southward, it became unfortunately what I may call a lee shore. The wind rapidly increased to a gale, and the ships as rapidly approached the ice, which we soon perceived it was impossible for them to weather. Nothing was now left for us but to set all sail, and run the ships directly stem on into the body of the ice; an example being first set by the *Dorothea*, and followed by the *Trent*: for had they taken the ice with their broadsides, they must both inevitably have gone to pieces, strong as they were, in a few moments. The approach to the ice was one of the most awful moments I ever experienced. The sea was rolling mountains high, the wind blew a hurricane, and the waves broke over the mast-heads, and every appearance indicated the immediate destruction of the two ships; and I believe every man on board thought there was but a few moments between him and eternity. The two ships entered the ice with a tremendous crash, and must infallibly have gone to pieces with the shock, had they not been fitted up with all the strength that wood and iron could give them. By degrees the strength of the wind acting on the sails, worked the ships into the body of the ice; and in proportion as they advanced from the outer edge, the motion became less, till at length, when they had advanced from a quarter to half a mile, they were completely set fast, and remained in tolerable tranquillity; but, by the first shock, and the working of the ice against their sides, they both sustained very serious damages, especially the *Dorothea*, which was not expected to reach *Smeerenberg Bay*. The *Trent's* damage was principally confined to her rudder. On the 31st July the gale had abated, and the wind shifted to the northward, when the ice immediately opened, and both ships having got out, made the best of their way to an anchorage between *Amsterdam* and *Dane's Island*, which the Dutch named *Smeerenberg Bay*; and here we remained the whole month of August, repairing the damages we had sustained. The *Trent* was soon ready for any service; but the *Dorothea* was so bruised and shattered, that, on a minute survey, after every thing had been taken out of her, it was found necessary to keep the *Trent* by her, as she was deemed unsafe to proceed to England alone. Thus you will perceive, that by this untoward accident we completely lost the best month in the year for getting to the northward, and in fact attempted nothing farther in that direction; though, on our return, we did try to make the coast of Greenland, but without success. At the time when the gale occurred, and after it had ceased, there was every appearance of open water to the eastward; and I cannot help thinking, that if a passage shall at any future time be effected, it must be between *Spitzbergen* and *Nova Zembla*; to try which, since our return to England, I have learned, was part of our instructions: but alas! that terrible gale of wind in which we were caught, rendered us perfectly inefficient for this year.

You must not however suppose we were idle during the month which we remained at anchor in *Smeerenberg Bay*. On the contrary, our astronomical observations, our surveys and sketches of the country and of its natural history, will, I hope, be found not wholly useless or uninteresting. *Lient. Beechey* has made some beautiful sketches of the two ships taking the ice. We are told also, that our observations with the pendulum are important and satisfactory. Indeed, setting aside the grievous disappointment we all feel at the failure of the main object, we have passed a very agreeable six months. We got plenty of game on the islands and on the water, as bears, sea-horses, seals, and foxes; but the most delightful animal was the rein-deer, which afforded us abundance of excellent venison, the fat of which was from three to four inches in thickness. How these creatures contrived to keep themselves in such high condition, is quite a mystery; for when we first approached *Hakluyt's Headland*, the whole of *Amsterdam* and *Dane's Islands* appeared to be covered with snow; but on our return to repair our ships, the snow had in many parts disappeared, and the ground was sparingly covered with a kind of moss, which grew particularly between rocks and stones. It is this moss chiefly on which these animals feed.

The water here was free from all ice, except a large iceberg aground, very smooth; and we used to land on a fine sandy beach. One day, in passing this iceberg, the purser of the *Trent* fired off his musket at some birds. The moment the report had ceased, a loud crack was heard, and the moment afterwards the iceberg fell in pieces with a tremendous crash; and the swell it occasioned was so great, that the boat was thrown out of the water upwards of ninety feet from the place where she had just grounded. Immediately afterwards we perceived the sea, for a mile all round, covered with the fragments of ice. It is probably not fabulous, therefore, what travellers tell us, that the guides in the Alps, on approaching a glacier, desire that a word shall not be spoken above a whisper, lest the sound should bring it down.

We were astonished to find on shore, not less, probably, than from three to four hundred graves, mostly of Dutchmen; as we considered it one of the healthiest climates in the world. Some of them, it is true, were a hundred years old; and within a coffin precisely of that date we found the worsted cap on the skull, and the worsted stockings on the leg-bones, as fresh almost as if they had been knit the present year.

We made collections of every thing that occurred, which will be sent by our commodore to the British Museum: but I am not a judge how far they may be curious or useful. I have much more to tell you when we meet; and till then, I am, dear sir, &c.

The following extract of a very interesting letter from an officer of the *Dorothea*, will put our readers in possession of all that is yet known respecting this branch of the expedition.

"We first made the ice about the 27th May, near *Cherry-Island*, which is small, and of remarkable appearance, being com-

posed of many high and pointed rocks or cliffs; and in one bearing, looks as if rent asunder by some convulsion of nature. It lies on the south-east part of Spitzbergen, from which it is distant about 150 miles. During a few days previous to making the ice, we experienced a great change of weather, the thermometer having fallen very considerably, and now continued below 32 degrees. We had also frequent and heavy falls of snow; and for several days, in the latter part of May, the thermometer fell to 18 deg. or 14 deg. below the freezing point. We soon descried the lofty and snow-capped rocks or precipices which compose Spitzbergen—the cheerless, bleak, and sterile aspect of which it is impossible to describe. Running along the western side of the island, our progress was stopped by immense barriers of ice, which extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach, and joining the land to the northward, blocked up all the harbours. We succeeded, however, in gaining a high northern latitude, viz. about 80°; but as we had parted from our consort a few days before in a heavy gale of wind, we returned in quest of her, and were fortunate enough to fall in with her on the subsequent day. We now put into Magdalena Bay, in the lat. 79° 33' north, lon. 11° east. The upper and inner part of this bay we found so choked up with ice, which was now beginning to break up, that our situation here became very critical. Having surveyed it, however, we again put to sea, and ran along the edge of the ice to the westward, which everywhere presented the appearance of a solid body. On the 10th June we fell in with several sail of Greenlandmen, when we were sorry to learn that no hope existed of getting to the northward by stretching to the westward; and it was the unanimous opinion of the masters of these ships, that to gain a high northern latitude, we must penetrate to the northward; that is to say, that we must stand in with, or near to the land of Spitzbergen. In consequence of this information, as well as the observations we had already made, and the decisive opinion of our pilots, we retraced our steps to the northward, and were soon completely beset in the ice. You cannot form any conception of the truly picturesque and often solemn grandeur of such a scene. Conceive two vessels hemmed in, jammed, and completely surrounded by immense masses of ice, of the rudest and often most fantastic forms; the two ships appearing, as it were, like specks in the midst of a vast extended plane, of alabaster whiteness, and to which the eye can assign no limits. When the sun shone bright, whether at mid-day or midnight, but particularly at the latter period, its beams assumed a softer hue, and shed a mellow tint on the immense sheet of surrounding ice, while the steep and towering summit of Spitzbergen, forming the background, combined to render the whole truly grand and interesting. Whilst gazing on such a scene, I never failed to experience sensations at once solemn and astonishing; for there was something in my breast which for ever associated itself with the possibility, nay probability, of never being able to extricate ourselves. Indeed, when it is considered that you can with a glance of the eye, at once embrace pieces of solid ice, without

a rent or fissure, ten or twelve miles in circumference, and situated in every possible direction, save here and there, where, from accumulation, and the force of winds and currents, it had formed high, irregular, and impending columns, it is not difficult, I think, to account for my feelings. In this situation we remained ten or twelve days, nearly fixed bodies, except when the different currents changed our situation, which was indicated to us only by altering the bearings of the land, from which we were distant eight or ten leagues. At length we were extricated from our perilous situation by the ice partially opening, so as to enable us to force our way out.

“We now ranged along the edge of the ice, endeavouring, if possible, to discover some vacancy by which we might penetrate northward; but we did so in vain. On the 26th June we again came to anchor in Fair Haven, which is situated between two islands called Vogel Sang and Clover Cliff. On those, and the neighbouring islands, we discovered numerous herds of rein-deer; and in running in for anchorage, immense numbers of sea-horses were seen lying on the ice, huddled together, and, at a distance, much resembling a group of cattle. We succeeded in killing several, some of which were of prodigious size; for instance, one which we cut up was found to weigh twenty hundred-weight. These animals are seen everywhere, near the land, on the ice, as well as in the sea; and they are found in the bays (which are numerous all along the coast), lying on the beach, sometimes to the amount of several hundreds. To a stranger they present the most forbidding and ugly aspect imaginable. When much annoyed by shot, they assemble their forces; surround the boat, as if determined to retaliate. Thirty, forty, or more, will appear in every direction, and almost at the same moment; and so near, that the muzzle of your musket will often reach their heads. They now make a hissing, barking kind of noise; and no sooner receive your fire than they become apparently furious, roll about, descend probably for a minute, when they reappear with immense increase of numbers, and seem proportionably bolder in their assaults.

“Several of our oars were snapped in two, or otherwise broken by them. In their upper jaw are two tusks of great size, which seem as if intended by nature to form the principal means of defence, as well against the attacks of their enemies, as to raise and support their huge carcasses when they elevate themselves from the sea to the ice. These tusks are of the purest ivory, and, when they have attained their full growth, are of considerable value. Their hides are very thick, and of the toughest texture; but they are coarse, and only fit for placing on the rigging of ships to prevent chafing. When brought on board, their bodies emitted a most intolerable stench; to get rid of which, as soon as they were skinned, the carcass was thrown overboard. The rein-deer of Spitzbergen, of which we procured a plentiful supply, do not, I think differ essentially from the deer of England, except that, as the autumn advances, they begin to cast their summer coat, and during the winter months become perfectly white. Even in the end of

June their winter coat was but beginning to fall off, and many of those we killed were still nearly white. We also saw many white bears, but only succeeded in killing one. Here you will be sorry to learn, that, on the afternoon of the 30th June, having accompanied Captain Buchan and the purser in pursuit of rein-deer, I unfortunately received the fire from the rifle of the latter, at the distance of thirty yards, the ball of which struck the upper and inner part of the left knee bone. * * * * We continued at anchor in Fair Haven about seven or eight days, during which time, we (the two ships) succeeded in killing about forty-five or fifty deer, the weight of which averaged at least 120 pounds. We again put to sea, hoping, that as the season was now more advanced, we should be able to penetrate towards the north.... Having discovered some partial openings in the ice, we forced our way in; and on this occasion we gained the highest northern latitude we were destined to reach, viz. 80. 32. Here we were again completely surrounded and blocked up, in which state we remained during a period of three weeks! But alas! if during this long time any thing extraordinary presented itself, I was unable to witness it; such, however, did not appear to be the case. At length, on the 29th July, after immense labour and fatigue, we succeeded once more in getting into open water, little aware of the catastrophe which was to befall us on the approaching morn. We had gained an offing of eight or ten miles from the packed ice, when, about four o'clock, A.M. on the 30th of July, a dreadful gale of wind came on, blowing directly on the ice. In a few hours we found ourselves in an awful situation, unable to weather the ice on either tack, and drifting fast upon the main body of it, which the wind and swell had now rendered to every appearance a solid mass. We knew not what to do; there was no time for deliberation; and to prevent the ship from driving broadside on, the only alternative we had was to put the helm up, and, if possible, to force her head into the ice. The scene must have been awful beyond description; to me it was truly dreadful. A little after nine o'clock, the word was given to put the helm up; an awful pause succeeded, the most solemn dread pervaded every countenance; to all human probability there were but a few moments betwixt us and eternity; and every individual, with the most dreadful anxiety, watched the moment when the ship should receive the first shock. The concussion was tremendous. The sea was running awfully high; and, at the instant of coming in contact with the ice, it

threatened every moment to swallow us up. Our ship continued to receive the most dreadful shocks; but, in the course of half an hour, had forced herself in, probably about two or three times her own length. The immense masses of ice, which now surrounded the ship in every direction, served, in a great measure to shield us from the violence of the sea; and we were now so firmly wedged, that the ship comparatively had little motion. During the whole of this dreadful scene, conceive the horrors of my situation; prostrate on the bed of sickness, and almost incapable of raising my head from the pillow, ignorant of our situation, and not a soul to speak to; every officer and man having been on deck throughout, and too much concerned for their own preservation to think of me. When the ship first struck the ice, the shock forced me against the upper part of my bed-place, and then threw me nearly out of it. I scrambled, and used every exertion of which I was capable, to get from my bed, but it was all in vain.... I could not move. At length the assistant surgeon came to me. I was much relieved, as well as astonished, on learning that we were on the ice, having been assured in my own mind, that we must have struck on a reef of sunken and unknown rocks. Fortunately the gale soon moderated; but we found ourselves in a sinking state.... all the pumps going, and unable to keep the ship free. We now expected every moment to go to the bottom. The following morning was providentially fine, and the ice had somewhat separated; with the utmost exertion of every soul on board, we succeeded in getting the ship out of the ice, and were able on the following morning, to reach Smeerenberg harbour, Spitzbergen. Our ship being now in such a shattered condition, every idea of wintering was at an end; and it became a question whether the ship (the larboard side, in several places, being literally stove in) was sea worthy; or if, every thing considered, and under all the circumstances, it would be prudent to risk our lives in crossing the Atlantic. Having got into Smeerenberg harbour, however, it was found that we possessed the means of materially strengthening our vessel, after the completion of which, it was determined that we should proceed to England. We accordingly sailed from Smeerenberg harbour, Spitzbergen, about the beginning of September; and, after examining the state of the ice to the westward, we arrived on the coast of England about the 10th of October, without encountering any thing remarkable during our passage home.

[See page 490.]

From the London Time's Telescope.

THE NATURALIST'S DIARY,

MARCH, 1819.

THE amusement to be derived from inspecting the minuter parts of the creation is endless. The numerous animalcules found on frozen vegetables, and imbedded in ice on the banks of

ponds, we have already alluded to. We shall now pursue the subject. Sir John Hill thus describes the animalcules found on a frozen plant, when viewed through a microscope:—Of

all creatures, the most minute are in general the most voracious. I could observe the reptile hunting every part of the plant for lesser creatures, feeding on its juices, and devouring them insatiably. The winged race, on the upper part of the plant, were employed in a very different manner. The cold had pinched these, and seemed to threaten them with destruction; and they were avoiding its rigour, by burrowing themselves hiding places between the two membranes of the leaves. I saw several of them busied in different stages of this operation: some were just making the opening with their fore feet, and the pointed extremity of their trunk, the proper use of which was to draw in their nourishment; others were half got into their more forward holes; others had completely hid themselves; and some of them I could even trace to a great distance from the place where they had entered.

'The juices of the plant are the proper food of this insect, and its means of coming at them is by wounding the vessels with this instrument at its head. All this could be done in security while they were under covert, and, on a slight view, blind as themselves to the future, I was congratulating them on their safety. While I was making the observation, the drippings from the eaves of the houses proclaimed a thaw. The consequences of this, I immediately recollected, must, of necessity, be a rising of the little brook from whence these plants had been taken, and where a number of them were left peopled in the same manner: the melting of the snow which had fallen during the drier state of the air, must of necessity swell its waters to many times their former extent, and the whole plants must be submerged in them under this state, though, while shallower, their tops had appeared above the surface.

'Nature, which had destined the inhabitant of the upper portion of the plant to feed on a vegetable thus liable to be covered with water, and had not given it organs to subsist under that fluid, had bestowed on it wings, by means of which to avoid the danger.

The creatures of this species, however, which had been the objects of my late observation, had, instead of this means of escape, under the numbing influence of the frost, preserved themselves from that threatened death, by burying alive in the very substance of the plant; and the result must be, their perishing by the submersion of the whole from the effects of the swelled stream. Thus they preserved themselves from the frost to be destroyed by the thaw; but with this difference in the general economy of nature, that by the former means they would have perished uselessly, but by the latter they afforded, in their death, a supply of food to the reptile inhabitants of the same plant, who would, perhaps, otherwise have perished of hunger from the destruction of the same frost among their more immediate food.'

Insects so minute, the view

Not half their puny members can discern.

What here are organs! what intestines here?

The globule what, that forms their heart or eye?

Their tiny limbs? their tendons?—

Each part so subtle, so minute the whole.

Lucretius, by Good.

The woodlark (*alauda arborea*) one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note; the thrush sings*; the yellow-hammer is also heard.....

When earliest buds begin to bulge, his note

Simple, reiterated oft is heard

On leafless brier, or half grown hedgerow tree;

Nor is he silent until autumn's leaves

Fall fluttering round his head of golden hue.

Grahame.

* Mr. Wordsworth has beautifully described the strength of early associations, as it respects the song of this bird, in his 'Reverie of Poor Susan.'

At the corner of Wood-street, when daylight appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years:

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

The chaffinch sings. A curious instance is recorded of a chaffinch having built its nest in a block or pulley of the mast of a small vessel lying at Greenock, which was followed by both birds. This singular circumstance has been woven into a pretty little poem, by Cowper.* Towards the close of the month, bees (*apis mellifica*) venture out of their hives.†

* Within the cavity aloft

Their roofless home they fixed,
Formed with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mixt.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,
With russet specks bedight—
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male?—far wiser he
Is doubtless left behind.

No—soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love;

Then, perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along;
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheered her with a song.

† INVOCATION TO THE BEE.

Go while summer suns are bright,
Take at large thy wandering flight;
Go and load thy tiny feet
With every rich and various sweet;
Cling around the flowering thorn,
Dive in the woodbine's honied horn;
Seek the wild rose that shades the dell,
Explore the foxglove's freckled bell;
Or in the heath flower's fairy cup
Drink the fragrant spirit up.

But when the meadows shall be mown,
And summer's garlands overblown;
Then come, thou little busy bee,
And let thy homestead be with me;
There, sheltered by thy straw-built hive,
In my garden thou shalt live,
And that garden shall supply
Thy delicious alchemy.
There, for thee, in autumn, blows
The Indian pink and latest rose;
The mignonette perfumes the air,
And stocks, unfading flowers, are there.

Yet fear not when the tempests come,
And drive thee to thy waxen home,
That I shall then most treacherously
For thy honey murder thee:—

Ah, no!—throughout the winter drear
I'll feed thee, that another year
Thou may'st renew thy industry
Among the flowers, thou little busy bee!

DESCRIPTION OF FOREST TREES.

Box (*buxus sempervirens*).—The common box-tree, which has oval leaves, is rarely found wild, except at a few places, where it grows in woods and thickets, as at Box-hill, in Surry; Boxley, in Kent; Boxwell, in the Cotswould, Gloucestershire; also in the chalk-hills near Dunstable. There are two other species, the *angustifolia*, or narrow-leaved box; and the *suffruticosa*, or Dutch box; but the *sempervirens* only is indigenous; that and the *angustifolia* grow in great abundance upon Box-hill, near Dorking, Surry, where there were formerly large trees of this kind. Various have been the disquisitions concerning the antiquity of this plantation, which, for any thing that appears to the contrary, may have been coeval with the soil. The late Sir Henry Mildmay, when in possession of this estate, sold the box upon Box-hill for fifteen thousand pounds; the purchaser was to be allowed fourteen years to cut it down. In 1802, forty tons were cut.

Of the first species of box there are two or three varieties, which are propagated in gardens; and this, as well as the second, may be either raised from seeds or cuttings.*

* MY BOXEN BOWER. *By John F.M. Dovaston, Esq.*

I love my little boxen bower,
Fringed with April's early flower;
On its leaves of glossy green
The climbing sunbeams shed their sheen;
Cool its shade, its shelter warm,
In summer's heat or winter's storm:
The social and the lonely hour
Endear my little boxen bower.

Within my little boxen bower
With friends I fill the social hour,
Or, wanting them, the feats unfold
That bards of Greece and Rome have told;
Or prove no meaner magic reigns
In Britain's more endearing strains:
Contentment sheds her sunny shower
Around my little boxen bower.

Should I leave my boxen bower,
Panting up the paths of power,
Puffed with empty pomp of pride,
Blind Ambition for my guide,
Even in Splendour's gaudy glare,
Cushioned on the couch of Care,
Might I not bewail the hour
I left my little boxen bower?

Many articles of turnery, and musical instruments, are manufactured from box-wood. In Paris, combs are made of no other material than this wood; and the quantity imported annually from Spain into that city is estimated at ten thousand livres. Box admits of a beautiful polish, and is much employed in articles of furniture.

CHESNUT (*fagus castanea*).—There is no plant cultivated in England that is more valuable than the chesnut; as it grows to considerable height, and its wood, if kept dry, is extremely durable. This ornament to the country is, at the same time, of great utility for domestic purposes. The chesnut is of great service for hop-poles; hence few large chesnut-trees are to be found in our forests. Near Cliffe, in Northamptonshire, are some very fine ones.

The chesnut may strongly be recommended to those who intend to form plantations, whether for ornament or use, as a tree which, for durability, beau-

ty, and stature, will amply, and in a very short time, repay all the labour and expense that may be bestowed on its culture. The wood of the chesnut is peculiarly excellent for casks, as it neither shrinks, nor changes the taste or colour of the liquor. It is also converted into various articles of furniture, and, when stained, may be made to resemble, in beauty and colour, the finest mahogany.

So great is the longevity of this tree, that proofs have been adduced of its living 7 or 800 years. It is commonly called the Spanish chesnut, because it arrives at the greatest perfection in the southern parts of Europe, particularly in Spain. In the latter country, indeed, it affords the chief sustenance of the poor, who make flour from the nuts; which are also eaten, roasted or stewed, as a delicacy, by the higher classes. In England the fruit of the chesnut is fit only for hogs and squirrels.

VARIETIES.

From the London Monthly Magazines.

WOMEN.

DIDEROT says, that "when writing on women, we should dip our pens in the rainbow, and throw over each line, instead of sand, the powder of the butterfly's wing."

This counsel is not easy to follow; for it is not given to every one *to dip their pen in the rainbow*; but those writers who have not the genius of Diderot, must be content *to throw over each line the dust on the butterfly's wing*, which certainly ought to be sufficient to empower us to speak very agreeably of women.

Montaigne speaks sweetly of women where he says, "Women are more willingly, as well as more gloriously chaste, when they are beautiful."

In the last century as well as in the present, people have been declaiming continually against prejudice, and, in particular, against that attached to birth. But no one has ever yet taken upon

himself to examine if it is true, that women, in the full prime of life, whatever may be their merit or information, ought, for the good of their country, to confine themselves merely to the conducting their household affairs? Would it not be difficult to prove that it is vexatious for a superior talent to be buried in the son of a cobbler, and that it is not equally lost in a woman? The wife of every private individual is declared incapable of occupying the most trifling public employment, and, notwithstanding, in every kingdom of the world, except in France, when they are of royal race, they are judged capable of governing kingdoms; and these kingdoms go on like the rest—sometimes wrong, sometimes right.

As, in general, women are not gifted with large hands and broad shoulders, it is evident they were never intended for war; and we regret, on their account, the melancholy empire of the

Amazons. But their gentleness, the charms of their behaviour, their conciliating spirit—do not they render them particularly suitable to some employments? For example, in negotiations! Since the time of the Marechale de Guébriant, several have been entrusted with secret missions, and have acquitted themselves with success. We have lately witnessed one (universally regretted) who, of her own accord, happily employed her active mind in this kind of way, with as much success as glory. Why, then, this formal exclusion, so obstinately maintained? Why this malediction on one half of the human race? Every woman of an age to please and to persuade, ought to carry this question to the sittings of the Chambers; as, heretofore, the Roman dames, conducted by the daughter of Hortensius, carried to the senate their eloquent representations. Our best orators might be puzzled to answer these.

We find in the letters of Balzac, an author now almost forgotten, a remarkable passage on women, which ought to be read by every young person. I cannot terminate this article better than by quoting it: "There are women, who, provided they are but chaste, think they are privileged to do harm; and believe that, if exempt from one vice, they have every virtue. I confess, that the loss of honour is the worst misfortune that can happen to a woman; but it does not follow because she has preserved it that she has done an heroic action; and I see nothing to admire because she did not choose to live unhappy and disgraced. I never heard it said that a person deserved praise for not having fallen into the fire, or for avoiding a dangerous precipice. We condemn the memory of a suicide; but there is no recompence given to those who do not kill themselves. And thus a woman who glories in being chaste, glories in not being dead, and for having a quality, without which she would have no rank in the world, and where she would only remain to assist in the punishment of her name, and to see the infamy of her memory. An

honest woman ought not so much to consider vice as evil, but as impossible; nor so much to hate it, as not to understand it. And if she is really virtuous, she will sooner believe that there are griffins and centaurs, than licentious females; and will rather believe that people are slanderers, and common fame a liar, than that her neighbour is not true to her husband. She will pity those who are abused by others; and when she is told of a woman committing a crime, she will satisfy herself with calling her unfortunate."—*Translated from Madame de Genlis's Dictionnaire Des Etiquettes, &c. &c.*

ORIGIN OF THE FIGURE OF BRITANNIA.

To Charles's (the Second) partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our pence and farthings. He admired, and even almost idolized this celebrated beauty, but could not seduce her, as he was base enough to essay, though he assailed her with compliments which he considered were likely to succeed; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our copper coinage.—*N. Mon. Nov.* '18.

THE MOON.

Dr. Thomas Forster has of late noticed a phenomenon which ought to engage the attention of philosophers; namely that the moon appears on rising, particularly about the time of the full, to have the power of dispersing the clouds, and clearing the atmosphere. He was first admonished of this circumstance by some French sailors while crossing the channel from Calais; and it had likewise been cursorily noticed to him by Mr. Herschel, of St. John's, Cambridge. For some time past, whenever circumstances afforded an opportunity of observing clouds about the time of the moon's rising, they have shortly been much diminished in volume, or wholly evaporated. This fact is best observed in the neighbourhood of the

sea, and seems to be less remarkable in very inclined situations. The circumstance is slightly hinted at by Aristotle, and the early writers on meteorology. It shows the power of light on the phenomena of the atmosphere.

VULGAR ERRORS.

Curious stories are told of the enmity of the spider to the toad ; Erasmus, whom I should be sorry to doubt, relates the following story :—

“ A monk had in his chamber several bundles of green rushes, wherewith to strew his chamber at his pleasure. One day, after dinner, he fell asleep on one of those bundles, with his face upward ; and while he slept, a great toad came and sat on his mouth. When some of his comrades saw this, they knew not how to act ; for it was then the foolish belief, that to pull away the toad would have been certain death to them, so prejudiced were the ignorant people against the poor animal ; but then to let her stand on the monk's mouth was worse than death. One of them spying a spider's web in the window, wherein was a large spider, advised that the monk should be carried to that window, and laid with his face right under the spider's web. As soon as the spider saw the toad, she directly wove her thread, and descended on it down upon the toad, when she so severely wounded it, at three different times, that it swelled and died.”

This tale, though from such good authority, I must say, I feel inclined to doubt.—That there is an enmity between the common toad and the spider, is beyond a doubt ; but then it appears to be more on the side of the toad, who will swallow down dozens of spiders, without being affected by any venom : but lizards, after biting a toad, have been known to become paralyzed, and to appear dead for as much as two hours ; a dog, too, holding a toad, after he has seized it, a little while in his mouth, will be affected with a slight swelling on his lips, and the saliva will run profusely from its mouth ; yet this is nothing more than from the acrimonious acid which the toad exudes from

the skin, whenever it is frightened or agitated.

Ugly as this creature may appear, its eyes, perhaps, are the most beautiful of any other living creature. They are of uncommon brilliancy, and are surrounded by a reddish gold-coloured iris ; and the pupil, when contracted, appears transverse.

The most extraordinary circumstance attending this animal is, its having been found inclosed, or imbedded, without any seeming passage for air, not only in woody substances, but even in blocks of stone and marble. Dr. Shaw, the famous zoologist, expresses his doubts on that subject ; and thinks, if a toad had been so overtaken as to have been inclosed by the growth of wood, it yet could only live so long as there was some passage for air, and, of course, for the ingress of insects on which it could occasionally feed. A curious experiment was made by a Monsieur Herissant, belonging to the French academy, which rather makes me willing to embrace the opinion of Dr. Shaw. In the year 1771, on pulling down a wall at a seat belonging to the Duke of Orleans, and which had been built forty years, a living toad, it was asserted, had been found in it ; its hind feet completely imbedded in the mortar. M. Herissant, therefore, in the presence of the academicians, inclosed three toads in as many boxes, which were immediately covered with a thick coat of mortar, and kept in the apartments of the academy. On opening these boxes eighteen months afterwards, two of the toads were still found living ; these were immediately re-inclosed ; but on being again opened three months after, were found dead. These experiments cannot be regarded as conclusive, and only serve to shew, that the toad, like other amphibia, can support a long abstinence, and requires but a very small quantity of air.

THEATRICAL MORALITY !

A fair daughter of Terpsichore, engaged at one of the principal theatres in Paris, manifested an ardent attachment for a young man, whose expectations in life were of a very humble

kind. Her mother had endeavoured, by every means maternal tenderness could suggest, to break off a connection which, to use her own words, at once shocked her delicacy, and wounded the purity of her morals. After numerous expostulations, the old lady, aided by the overpowering eloquence of a wealthy banker, who was continually talking of his riches, had the satisfaction to find her daughter completely converted. The other evening, in the *coulisses* of the Opera, the mother was boasting of her triumph to a female friend, and describing the anxiety and distress she had suffered owing to the misplaced attachment of the pretty Rose:—"At last, my dear madam," said she, "the girl has recovered her senses! I knew she would soon blush for her choice! How could she entertain regard for a man who must have ruined her in the public opinion; for you know, Madam, the wretch is lost to all sense of religion, and his income, scanty as it is, is thrown away on sweetmeats and trash!" Rose, of course, figures as the *mistress* of the Banker, instead of being the young lover's wife.

SUPERSTITION.

Mr. Urban,

Oct. 5, 1818.

To that specimen of *superstitious coincidence*, which I pointed out in your Magazine for August,* allow me to add another, equally striking.

Among the less enlightened portion of the Irish population, if a person, describing a hurt or wound, should, with the view of illustrating his verbal description, happen to touch the corresponding part of his own or another person's body, that touch is fearfully noticed, as ominous of ill, and a sure precursor of similar mischief to the person and the part so touched, unless the narrator, or some other individual present, be careful immediately to subjoin, "*God bless the mark!*" or "*God save the mark!*" which prayer avails as a charm, to avert the dreaded disaster.

An exactly similar superstition prevailed among the ancient Romans, as we learn from a passage in *Petronius*,

where *Trimalchio* relates a marvellous adventure, in which a man thrust his sword through the body of a sorceress.

In describing the exploit, *Trimalchio* (as it appears) points out on his own person the very place of the wound, by laying his hand to the part: whereupon he immediately exclaims, "*Salvum sit, quod tango!*"—"Safe be what I touch!"—exactly equivalent to the Irish "*God bless* [or "*God save*] *the mark!*"

For the satisfaction of those, among your readers, who have not an opportunity of consulting the original text of *Petronius*, I here transcribe the passage—"Mulierem, tamquam hoc loco, (*salvum sit, quod tango!*) mediam trajecit."

Let me add, with respect to the Irish superstition, that the touch, in those cases, is deemed to possess equally malignant influence, whether applied to the naked body itself, or to the garment covering the part: and the Roman idea seems to have been precisely the same; as we can hardly presume that *Trimalchio* exposed his naked person; since we do not find such circumstance mentioned by *Petronius*, who would not have failed to notice it if it had taken place.

JOHN CAREY.

PICTURE OF HOLLAND.

The country is entirely flat, and so are the surrounding towns: but nothing can be more neat, more pretty, or more elegant than these towns. They present to the eye, at a great distance, by their numerous canals, planted on each side with trees, the prospect of a great number of hamlets, united together; we seem always in the country, and the hamlets appear as if they had been formed during the night by the wand of a fairy.

The public edifices and houses are built on the waters, which surround and divide the country; these appear in the water like so many stationary vessels, without masts, the roofs of which seem to be the decks. They are slight, and have not cost much labour in erecting. They are washed every day, inside and out; the outside, by means of engines—the inside, with sponges. The cor-

* See *Athenaeum*, vol. 4, p. 277.

ridors, and stories are all inlaid with Dutch tiling ; which give an air of newness to the most ancient buildings. The outside is varnished in all manner of colours, and the stairs are covered with matting, or strips of cloth.

In Holland, the way of living is temperate and wholesome ; a piece of beef, weighing about twenty pounds, serves all the week, with a dish of excellent vegetables. This is the whole course. Those who call the Hollanders cheese-eaters, have only been familiar with sailors and other sea-faring men.

It is in vain that the Russians may tell a foreigner to be guarded against the effects of cold, or the Hollanders against the influence of their evening dews ; experience furnishes the best defence. Would you wish to preserve your health, always follow the regimen of the natives belonging to the country wherein you may sojourn ; when in Russia, during the winter, eat their sugar-cakes, and drink the spirituous liquors they offer you before dinner ; in Holland, return home early, and when you go out, do not go till it is late. The vicissitudes of the atmosphere require little change in the clothing, from winter to summer.

The roads, in several countries, are made with new half-baked bricks, just from the field ; they last, because they are well covered with sand, and no heavy carriages pass over them. Every thing is transported in boats, and provisions are carried to their destined place in wheelbarrows.

Holland, watered on almost every side by the ocean, offers only extensive fields. There are no forests, and the only trees are those of the gardens, and of places near the towns.

Besides the rivers, there are innumerable canals, to facilitate parties of pleasure, voyages, and the transporting of merchandize ; and the boatmen undertake to carry provisions and goods at a moderate price. A boat costs but little to keep it, and will contain more than eight cart-loads of merchandize. The public barks, with which the canals are covered, are drawn by horses, and depart and arrive at a given hour. The

banks of the canals are almost all adorned with beautiful walks of elms, and linden trees, and intersected with handsome houses, and gardens, finely cultivated, with all sorts of trees and flowers ; and wherein are bred the most scarce and beautiful birds from India. The *roufe* of the canal-boat is a little kind of cabin, set apart for some particular travellers.

The time of frost and snow is the carnival of Holland ; the canals and rivers are covered with skaters, both male and female. A villager carries his provisions to market skating ; a female villager does the same.

It seems that, without the business of commerce, which draws the Hollanders together, there is no kind of society among them, so little do they frequent each other. The country-house of a wealthy individual, has the appearance of a Prince's palace.

The coffee-houses are very simple ; there are no women seen presiding in them ; there is no bar, no marble tables ; neither glasses, nor chandeliers.

The carriages are built high, and are very light, because the country is sandy, and a heavy carriage would require several horses to drag it out of the deep ruts which the wheels would make.

The quantity of diamonds worn by the ladies, the buckles, knives, scissors, chains of gold, rings on the fingers of the tradesmen's wives, and even on those of female peasants, are proofs of the riches in the country. The women yet wear hanging to their sides, a kind of purse, similar to the ancient French *Escarcelle*, ornamented with a spring circlet, and hooks of silver.

The young maidens, however wealthy, do not marry so early as in France ; the fathers keeping close together as long as they possibly can, their tuns of gold.

The Dutch women are, in general, truly virtuous ; and there are few men prodigals or libertines. Interest, labour, the love of gain, and close application to business, with a natural taste for commerce, absorb every other passion.

The women, as we have said before, are virtuous and modest, good house-

wives—rather too economical ; they watch over their houses with the most incessant care, to see that they are kept in the utmost extreme of neatness. They love their boorish husbands, are beloved by them, have all the rule in domestic affairs, and are sovereigns in their own houses.

Several women wear large rings of gold on the first finger and on the thumb of the right hand : the ring on the forefinger is a mark of their having gold enough ; and that on the thumb, that they have abundance.

The Dutch women are fair, but they are apt to stoop much ; they are handsome, if we may allow a woman to be so who is enormously fat. Such as we see them painted by Rubens, such we actually behold them in their houses.

The young women seldom marry till they are five-and-twenty. On the wedding-day, the bride receives a present, with part of her household furniture. The present is what is observed, as a custom, with the most opulent ; the furniture is bestowed among the common people, at the expense of the aunts, cousins, relations, and friends, who are present at the wedding, where there is always an equal number of each sex invited.

There are very pretty children, few handsome men, and scarce any beautiful women, in Holland. If morals are not attended to more in Amsterdam than in Paris, it is not the case in other towns ; a public courtesan would not be allowed to remain in Saardam : at this place, the women wear short petticoats, folded like fans, a corset, tight to the shape, and a straw hat ; not even the shadow of a naked bust is to be seen at any time in the year. They wear fine laces, rings on their fingers, earrings, their legs almost bare, and they stir up the dung with forks, like men : but one cause of the extreme neatness of the Dutch, is, that there are a far greater number of women than men-servants.

The Hollanders take, regularly, four meals a day ; their coffee in the morning, dine between one and two o'clock, drink tea at six, and sup at nine. Economical as is the Dutchman, he yet

loves a good table. The birth of a child, its christening, its weaning, all agreements, betrothings, weddings, lyings-in, departing on a journey, and on return, are all subjects for feasting.

The Westphalians in Holland, are what the Savoyards are in France. They are industrious, faithful, and parsimonious ; they live on bread and water, with a little of their own country bacon ; they are employed in all kinds of works, but in particular with the gathering in of the hay-harvest, which is considerable in a country covered with fields and meadows. The women are attached to the country-houses, where they are employed in gardening.

There are fewer thieves in Holland than in other parts of the world : and how could they possibly exercise the perilous trade of a highwayman, in a country cut out into ditches, canals, and rivers, and set thick, all over, with barriers ?

On Sunday, every man and woman is seen flocking to church ; they never work on that day, neither do they buy, sell, negotiate, nor make any demand or payment ; and Sunday is a day of liberty to every debtor.

The Dutch keep their dead unburied for a whole week ; they often wash the corpse with warm water, shave it, dress it, and expose it, for two or three days, to its nearest relatives and friends ; they place it in an oak coffin, lined with iron plates, the head placed on a cross-bar, which serves as a pillow : the coffin is nailed and screwed down. The women are dressed in the habiliments suitable to their sex, trimmed with black ribband ; the men are in night-gowns, with wigs on their heads, and are buried with an expence proportionate to their means.—*Translated from the French of Diderot's Supplementary Work, just published.*

In a little French town they lately got up a sort of dramatic entertainment, in two acts, entitled, "*Adam and his family.*" At another, where they played "*The Death of Abel,*" it was announced to be acted "*in the costume of the times.*"

MONUMENT TO DANTE.

A subscription has been opened at Florence, for a monument to be erected in honour of Dante. It is well known that the prince of Italian poets, when in banishment, like Gibelin, was reduced to beg for a shelter and a morsel of bread in foreign countries. The monument will be erected in the church of Santa-Croce, the Pantheon of Tuscany.

TRAGIC FALL.

At Franconi Circus, Paris, Macbeth and Othello are converted into Pantomimes!

"To what base uses may we come at last."

VENUS DE MEDICIS.

The admirers of antiquity and of the arts were lately gratified with a novel kind of exhibition at Lansdowne house. The great attraction was the *Venus de Medicis*, which was, after lying under ground for nearly 2,000 years discovered lately among the ruins of Pompeii. This is the original renowned statue, and pronounced such by Canova, who, when he first discovered it, was seized by such an extravagant fit of enthusiasm, as induced common people to suppose that his intellects were disordered. It is considered as the finest specimen of that branch of the art in the known world. This beautiful object is represented as coming from the bath, and by candle light looks as white as snow; but by day the appearance is different: it having acquired those precious tints so highly prized by the lovers of *virtu*, and which time only can bestow. Around the room were other statues, all very fine, and real antiquities.

INGREDIENT OF THE CHELSEA GOUT-MEDICINE,

The efficacy of which has been ascertained by several who have used it.

Two pounds of honey clarified to one pound, flour of sulphur 2 ounces, cream of tartar 1 ounce, powder of guaiacum 1 drachm, powder of rhubarb 2 drachms, powder of ginger half an ounce, and one nutmeg reduced to powder. The above to be mixed together, and a tea spoonful of the medicine dissolved in a glass of warm water to be taken every night.

POLAR EXPEDITION...NEW NATION.

Since the above, [see p. 481] advices have been received that the *Isabella* and the *Alexander*, discovery ships, are safely arrived, in Brassa Sound, Lerwick, all well; neither ship having lost a man, nor having a man on the sick list. Captain Ross has completely succeeded in exploring every part of Baffin's Bay, and, with the exception of errors in the latitudes and longitudes, of verifying the statements of that old and able navigator whose name it bears, and of ascertaining that no passage exists between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans through Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, the whole being found to be surrounded by highland, extending to the north as far as lat. 77. 55. and long. 76. W.; and in the 74th degree of latitude, stretching westward as far as 84. W. longitude. They traced the same the whole way down to the Cape Walsingham of Davis, which they ascertained to lie in lat. 66. and long. 60.; from thence they steered for Resolution Island, and then stood homeward. They have made many curious observations and discoveries, of which, perhaps, will not be considered as the least interesting, that of a nation being found to inhabit the Arctic regions, between the latitudes of 76. and 78. who thought that the world to the south was all ice; that generation had succeeded a generation of people who had never tasted the fruits of the earth, had no idea of a Supreme Being, who never had an enemy, and whose chiefs had hitherto supposed themselves monarchs of the universe. There now only remains to be discovered the termination, if it has one, of Middleton's Repulse Bay, and a few degrees to the northward of it, to determine whether Greenland be an island or joins America; and this might with the greatest ease be done from the northernmost station of the Hudson's-bay Company in any one season."

Another account states, that when the *Isabella* and *Alexander* reached lat. 76½, they were unexpectedly opposed in their Northern progress by *terra firma*. Here they met with a new race of Esquimaux, who, by their astonishment, appeared never to have seen a ship before. At first they were much afraid, and made signs for the vessels to fly away, thinking they were huge birds of prey that had descended from the moon to destroy them. A few of the natives, however, were soon enticed on board, when they expressed their awe and wonder by hugging the masts, and other extravagant manifestations of imploration, as if to superior beings; at other times, on attentively surveying the ships, they laughed immoderately. They were entirely unintelligible to the Esquimaux whom Captain Ross took out with him, although they seem to be of the same origin, their physiognomy being similar, but of rather a darker complexion---in their general appearance, language, and manners, approaching nearer to the natives of Kamtschatka, or the North-eastern extremity of Asia. Their mode of travelling is on sledges, drawn by dogs, and some of them were seen in this way, going Northward. They were in possession of knives, which, it is conjectured, they must have formed from the iron in its natural state, and which may, perhaps, at some future period, become an object of commerce with the

natives of these hitherto unknown regions. The weapons they used for killing the smaller species of whales were the horns of the sea horse or unicorn.

.....
RE-ANIMATION.

The *Gazette de Santé* contains the following interesting suggestions to the Humane Society of Paris;—"In general, death is proved only by symptoms of putrefaction—relief should be administered in all cases of persons taken in a lifeless state out of water, or in a state of lethargy from any other cause, until symptoms of putrefaction shall have appeared. In persons taken lifeless out of water shortly after submersion, the principle of life is not always extinct, but only suspended as in cases of lethargy. It has been proved by experiment, that several hours' submersion in water does not always cause death. The appearance of a red, violet, or black colour on the face, cold of the body, and stiffening of the limbs, are not decisive symptoms of death."

.....
MOREAU.

On the spot where Moreau was mortally wounded, about a mile and a half from Dresden, the Emperor Alexander has erected a simple but solid monument to his memory. It consists of one large square stone of Saxon granite, on the top of which is a huge helmet of iron resting upon a sabre. On one side of the monument is an inscription in German, of which the following is a translation—Moreau, the Hero, fell by the side of Alexander, 27th August, 1813."

.....
EXTRAORDINARY SOMNAMBULISM.

On the 17th inst. John Hogarth, of Firebank, a young man, who for some time since has gone to Howgill school, arose from his bed fast asleep, and went a distance of two and a half miles before he awoke, when he found himself sitting in Howgill Chapel porch, adjoining the school! He afterwards went above a mile, to a friend's house, to borrow some clothes, as his only covering was a shirt and a night-cap. He had not received any injury, though the air was frosty, excepting in his feet, which were bruised. The following day, on the road by which he went, were found his Greek Testament and Bible, which he had been reading the night before, according to custom; and a slate was also found at the school door. It appears that he had called to see a friend as usual by the way, and on approaching the door, he said, "What! are you in bed yet?" and being asked what he wanted, replied, "I am going to school, sure," and marched off.

.....
SUFFOCATION.

Several instances have lately occurred of the fatal effects of carbonic acid gas, upon persons who had inhaled that pernicious air. The manner in which this gas operates, in causing suffocation, has not been distinctly ascertained; but it is generally supposed to produce an instantaneous irritation of the larynx or wind-pipe, and, by shutting that organ, to suspend the power of respiration. It is probable, however, that it has a more diffused influence over the system, and that its action, as a sedative, extends to the lungs, and even to the heart itself; as Bergman,

the celebrated Swedish chemist, ascertained, that animals deprived of life by this subtle poison, present no signs of irritability the moment they become lifeless,....a sufficient proof of its paralyzing influence over the nervous system. But in whatever manner it produces its deadly effects, the instances of these are so numerous, as to render it extremely desirable to be acquainted with some method by which we may either check its operation, or counteract its destructive properties. If the caustic alkalis, or slaked quicklime, could readily be procured, solutions of these substances sprinkled into wells, cavities, vats, &c. containing carbonic gas, would speedily absorb the deleterious air, and thus prevent its destructive consequences upon persons, who, not aware of their danger, had incautiously ventured into such places. But when accidents of this kind occur, these substances can seldom be obtained either quickly enough or in sufficient quantity to answer the purpose in view, so that, in general, life would be gone before we could avail ourselves of their chemical properties. In these circumstances we beg to suggest, that probably the most effectual remedy for the evil is to pour water from a common watering-pan into the place containing the noxious air. This will produce a two-fold effect: the water dispersed in drops will be in the most favourable circumstances for absorbing the gas, while it carries down with it a large portion of pure air, upon the principle of the water-blowing machine. The quantity of water necessary for the purpose will not be so great as to endanger suffocation by drowning; and at any rate, the person exposed to it, would have a greater chance of surviving, if he were completely immersed in water, than if he were to remain the same length of time surrounded by an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. Not a moment should be lost in pouring in the water, and if no watering-pan is at hand, the water should be laved in expeditiously with the hand. To some of our readers it may be necessary to state, that the suffocating air extricated from fermenting liquors, and burning charcoal, is the same as the air we have denominated carbonic acid gas.

.....
LAMB PLANT.

The most extraordinary of the curiosities of Little Tartary is, the *Lamb* of Muscovy, which grows between the two great rivers the Don and the Wolga. This plant is remarkable for possessing a great portion of the animal nature. It is for this reason it is called the Animal plant; as also Zoophytes, and, in the Russian language, Bonarets. The fruit is of the size of a gourd, or melon; it has the figure of a sheep, all the limbs of which are discoverable. It is fastened to the earth by the navel, upon a stalk of two feet in length. It always leans towards the grass, and the plants that grow round it, and changes its place as much as the stump will suffer.—When the fruit comes to maturity the stalk dies; it is covered with hairy skin, frizzled like that of a lamb just lambed, and the skin serves it as a fur to defend it from the cold. It is further observed that this plant never dies till it can no longer find any grass to nourish it. The fruit yields a juice like blood, when it is taken from the stalk;

and has the taste of mutton. The wolf is as fond of this plant as of real mutton; and the Muscovites make use of it, in order to surprise those animals.

.....
IMPORTANT CAUTION TO FEMALES.

A young lady in France had the fatal habit of cleaning her ears with pins; a trifling humour was the result, which terminated lately in a cancer. The brass and quicksilver used in the preparation of pins may easily account for this circumstance, and which render them so very pernicious to the teeth when used as tooth-picks.

.....
DEAFNESS CURED.

Mr. CURTIS has commenced for the third season his interesting Course of Lectures on the Structure and Diseases of the Ear. In the introductory part the Lecturer pointed out the vast advantage derived by a sole attention to one object; and in remarking the great improvements which of late years had taken place in medicine and surgery, he observed these improvements had not extended to the Diseases of the Ear, as it had done to the other organs of sense; hence there are more deaf persons in this country than in any other of the same population. He dwelt with much propriety on the great benefit derived from the establishment of the Royal Dispensary for this class of diseases, and instanced the issue of several forlorn cases; one of which we noticed of a boy born deaf and dumb, who obtained the use of hearing and speech: besides this, he mentioned several other cases which were under cure, and where considerable progress had been made; one of them, a deaf and dumb man, 28 years of age, who is now enabled to hear sounds distinctly. It is too general an opinion, he remarked, that all children who do not acquire their speech at a proper period in consequence of deafness, are supposed to be born deaf and dumb; this occasions a neglect of their situation, while the deafness is not organic, but merely temporary; for it is well known, that at birth and a considerable time after, a viscid mucus fills the ear in the same manner as the meconium does the intestines; and until this original layer or deposition is removed, the child appears perfectly deaf, and not unfrequently has all the appearance of idiotism. The attention to this subject opens a wide field for investigation and improvement; and we think too much encouragement cannot be given to an individual who has taken up a line of practice hitherto neglected, with a zeal which is creditable to his humanity and feelings, and with a success which speaks high for his talent and knowledge of the subject; for it is lamentable to see, by the last Report of the Deaf and Dumb Institution in Scotland, that no less than 800 persons are in this forlorn state; and in England and Wales, calculating by the proportion of population, it is clear there must be near double that number.

.....
CARRIAGES WITHOUT HORSES.

Mr. Charles Drais, who, according to the testimony of credible witnesses, had already, in July last, with one of the latest improved carriages, without horse, invented by him, gone from Manheim to the Swiss relay-house, and back again, a distance of four hours

journey by the posts, in one short hour; has, with the same machine, ascended the steep hill from Gernsback to Baden, which generally requires two hours, in about an hour, and convinced a number of amateurs, assembled on the occasion, of the great swiftness of this very interesting species of carriage. The principle of the invention is taken from the art of skating, and consists in the simple idea of a seat upon wheels driven forward by the feet acting upon the ground. The fore part (*vorhandene ausfishrnug*) in particular, consists of a riding seat upon 2 double-shoed wheels running after each other, so that they can go upon the footways, which, in summer, are almost always good. To preserve the balance, a little board, covered and stuffed, is placed before, on which the arms are laid, and in front of which is the little guiding pole, which is held in the hand to direct the route. These machines will answer very well for couriers and other purposes, and even for long journies; they do not weigh 50 pounds, and can be had with travelling pockets, &c. in a very handsome and durable form, for a mere trifle.

.....
JUVENILE CULPRITS.

Since 1814 down to the present time (Sept. 1818), there have been committed to Newgate 496 juvenile culprits, of whom only 14 ever belonged to the National Schools.

.....
ANOTHER CRUSOE.

The following curious account has been taken from a Bombay paper:—"Mr. Powell, commander of the Queen Charlotte, informs us of the interesting circumstance of his having recovered from a rock, 21 miles N. W. of Nooaheevah (one of the Marquesas,) a man that had been its solitary inhabitant for nearly three years. His account stated that early in 1814, he proceeded thither from Nooaheevah, with four others, all of whom had left an American ship there, for the purpose of procuring feathers that were in high estimation among the natives of Nooaheevah; but losing their boat on the rock, three of his companions in a short time perished through famine, and principally from thirst, as there was no water but what was supplied by rain. His fourth companion continued with him but a few weeks; when he formed a resolution of attempting to swim, with the aid of a splintered fragment that remained of their boat, to the island, in which effort he must, no doubt, have perished. They had originally taken fire with them from Nooaheevah, which he had always taken care to keep continually burning. The flesh and blood of wild birds were his sole aliment; with the latter he quenched his thirst in seasons of long droughts, and the skulls of his departed companions were his only drinking vessels. The discovery made of him from the Queen Charlotte was purely accidental; the rock was known to be desolate and barren, and the appearance of a fire, as the vessel passed it on the evening, attracted notice, and produced an enquiry, which proved fortunate for the forlorn inhabitant of the rock, in procuring his removal to Nooaheevah, whither Mr. Powell conveyed him, and left him under the care of Mr. Wilson, who had resided there for many years, and with whom the hermit had had a previous acquaintance."

SALMON FISHERY.

A committee has been appointed, and a subscription entered into, for the laudable purpose of preserving the brood of fish in the river *Mersey*. A fisherman of *Runcorn* was lately convicted, and paid the penalty of 10*l.* for taking young salmon, and using unlawful nets, called mallingers, which, together with his boat, were forfeited.—The importance of protecting this fish from premature destruction is strongly marked by the singular fact in natural history, that, like the swallow, it returns each season to the self-same spot to deposit its spawn. This has been proved by Monsieur de la Lande, who fastened a small piece of copper to the tails of some of them, and then set them at liberty, and found that they returned to the same place for three succeeding seasons. The rapid growth of this fish is astonishing, which appears from the testimony of a gentleman at Warrington. A salmon taken on the 7th of February then weighed seven pounds and three quarters; being marked with scissors on the back, fins, and tail, and turned into the river, was again taken on the 17th of the following March, and was then found to weigh seventeen pounds and a half.

STONE FROM THE MOON.

At the village of Slobodka, in the government of Smolensko, there fell on the 29th of July, 1818, an aerolite, with such violence from the air, that it penetrated nine wershchoks deep into the ground. The stone weighed 7*lb.* has a rough surface, and through the dark brown mass that covers it glimmers the proper substance of stone itself, which is of a grey colour, and sprinkled with metallic sparkles.

THE RHINOCEROS.

It has been questioned if a musket-ball would penetrate the hide of a rhinoceros. An opportunity lately occurred of making the experiment on the carcass of an old animal of uncommon size, which had been killed near Givalpa, on the border of the wild country of Asam, a spot where rhinoceroses abound. After repeated trials the bullet was found always to fly off, for the skin being very thick and extremely loose, it was constantly by that means put out of its course.

In that part of the country there are many rhinoceroses, and elephants in vast numbers. So numerous a flock was seen crossing the Burhamputa River, at a breadth of two miles, that the channel seemed full; nor was the end of the line perceptible, although they had been some time passing. A boat, going down the river, was obliged to put about, as it was impossible to get by them; and it was a considerable time before the line had left the jungles of the eastern side, whilst the jungles on the western side prevented their course being traced by the eye.

The people of the country say, that the rhinoceros is much an overmatch for the elephant; as the former being very nimble, gets round the elephant, makes his attack in the same manner as the wild boar, and rips up the belly of his antagonist.

FORGERY.

The number of persons executed for Forgery in England from 1790 to 1818, is 146.

SIGNOR BELZONI, THE TRAVELLER.

Died at Cairo, Signor Belzoni, an Italian antiquary, who, by his recent discoveries among the ruins of Egyptian grandeur, has enriched the British Museum with several valuable relics. The name of this gentleman is favourably known to every man of taste and science in Europe. He had been for some years incessantly and indefatigably employed in Egypt, in connexion with Mr. Salt, the enlightened British consul, in tracing the monuments of antiquity, in which his efforts have been attended with the most brilliant success. He had laid open the front of the great sphynx, and made many interesting and surprising discoveries. With a sagacity and perseverance seldom equalled, he opened the great temple at Ipsambul, which was covered with sand to the depth of fifty feet. At Thebes he made many surprising discoveries, and thence brought away the magnificent head of the statue of Memnon, which is now deposited in the British Museum. His surprising discoveries of the Egyptian catacombs, in one of which he discovered an exquisitely beautiful sarcophagus of alabaster, nine feet five inches long, by three feet nine inches wide, sounding like a bell, and transparent as glass, and ornamented with hieroglyphics and figures in intaglio. The most extraordinary, however, of M. Belzoni's labours, and that which most displays his sagacity and firmness, and the enthusiasm of his character, is the opening of the second pyramid of Ghiza, known by the name of Cephrenes' pyramid. Herodotus was informed that this pyramid had no subterraneous chambers, and his information being found in latter ages to be generally correct, may be supposed to have operated in preventing that curiosity which prompted the opening of the great pyramid of Cheops. M. Belzoni, however, perceived certain indications of sufficient weight to induce him to make the attempt.

THE ALGERINES.

De Witt, the Dutch statesman and political writer, says, in his book called "the Interests of Holland,"—"that, although the Dutch ships loaded to the Mediterranean should be well guarded by convoys against the Barbary pirates, yet it would by no means be proper to free that sea of those pirates; because (says he) we should hereby be put upon the same footing with the Eastlanders, English, Spaniards, and Italians; therefore it is best to leave that thorn in the sides of those nations, whereby they will be distressed in that trade; while we, by our convoys, engross all the European traffic and navigation to Holland."—(See *Macpherson's Commerce*, vol. 2, page 472.)

This was in 1557, and King James I. in his turn, encouraged the Algerines against the Dutch, and allowed them shelter in the British ports, and to sell their prizes; so that in six months the Dutch lost thirty rich merchantmen.

The Algerines, it would appear, have not, therefore, been alone to blame; but, supposing, as is likely, that there has always been that sort of connivance which De Witt recommends, surely the end might have been attained without dragging the people taken to slavery. It is even plain that the

conniving power, or powers, might have stipulated for the freedom of all captives as the price of their connivance; but no, the hard-hearted mercantile men only thought of the interests of trade, and forgot those of humanity. This cold calculating participation in the trade is more culpable in Europeans who, in their own persons, are very tenacious of their liberty and rights, than in the Africans who, from ignorance, habit, religion, and education, are insensible of the extent of their criminalities.

.....
RELIGIOUS FOOLERY.

ECCLESIASTICAL RECOMMENDATION OF PUNISHMENT, EX-CATHEDRA.

The following proof that the Church of Rome is the same now as ever she was---and that her members retain the same implacable spirit, appears in the Calcutta Gazette of Jan. 1, 1818.

When the new Governor, General Luiz de Rego, had with his victorious army, entered Pernambuco; his wife, who accompanied him, and who, having a particular devotion to the Holy Virgin, had fervently prayed her for the success of the expedition, and firmly believed it was due to her assistance, prevailed upon him to offer a solemn thanksgiving to the heavenly protectress. A statue of the Virgin Mary, known in the city under the name of "Our Lady of Glory," was selected for the purpose, and placed on a magnificent altar, erected in an open field to admit a greater concourse of people. On the appointed day the Governor, his lady, and all the military and civil officers, sat on both sides of the statue, and in a pulpit opposite to it appeared a Franciscan Friar, chosen by the Governess to preach on the occasion.

The monk, who had a great deal more zeal than sense, and who knew that the Governor had signalized himself in Portugal and in Spain against the common invader, thus began his oration:---

"Holy Virgin, Mother of God, you, who inspired to our noble Governor the heroic courage he displayed against a host of French infidels on such a day at such a place (enumerating one after another, all the occasions in which the services of the Governor had been conspicuous) you, who have lately inspired to him the effective means by which he has crushed an infamous rebellion, why do you not inspire him now, how he is to treat the arch traitors of this abominable city? But yourself, most illustrious General and Governor, why do you not call upon her to inspire you? Perhaps you do not know how to address her, I will do it for you."

As he finished these words, the preacher jumped out of the pulpit and went to the statue. After remaining a few minutes, apparently in close conversation with it, he returned to the pulpit and said, "Now, on the part of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, I will tell you what you are to do. Let as many gibbets be planted in this field as there are male inhabitants in the place; let all the villains be suspended to them by their necks, and let all the females be whipped by your soldiers."

The Governor could hold out no longer, and withdrew for fear of scandalizing the congregation by a fit of laughter which it was impossible for him to refrain. "Is it so, noble Governor? (cried the monk) you go away, and will not listen to my admonitions? Well, I go away myself. I have done my duty, and I leave the devil to do the rest."

POETRY.

From the London Monthly Magazines.

LINES,

*Written in a Blank Leaf of Lord Byron's
Bride of Abydos.*

KNOW'ST thou the land, where the hardy green
thistle,

The red-blooming heath and the harebell abound;
Where oft o'er the mountains the shepherd's shrill
whistle

Is heard in the gloaming so sweetly to sound?—
Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages hath stood;
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the
storm,

And her young ones are rocked on the high Cairn-
gorm?—

Know'st thou the land, where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which its blue waters lave;
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light, as their actions are free?
'Tis the land of thy sires!—'tis the land of thy youth,
Where first thy young heart glow'd with honour and
truth;

Where the wild fire of genius first caught thy young
soul,

And thy feet and thy fancy roam'd free from control!

Then why does that fancy still dwell on a clime

Where Love leads to Madness, and Madness to Crime;

Where courage itself is more savage than brave;—
Where man is a despot—and woman a slave?

Tho' soft are the breezes, and sweet the perfume,
And fair are the "gardens of Gul" in their bloom;
Can the odors they scatter—the roses they bear
Speak peace to the heart of suspicion and fear?

Ah, no! 'tis the magic that glows in thy strain,
Gives life to the action, and soul to the scene!
And the deeds which they do, and the tales which
they tell,

Enchant us alone by the power of thy spell!

And is there no charm in thine own native earth?
Does no talisman rest on the place of thy birth?
Are the daughters of Albion less worthy thy care,
Less soft than *Zuleika*—less bright than *Gulnare*?
Are her sons less renowned, or her warriors less brave
Than the slaves of a prince—who himself is a slave?

Then strike thy wild lyre—let it swell with the
strain,

Let the mighty in arms live, and conquer again;
Their past deeds of valour thy lays shall rehearse;
And the fame of thy country revive in thy verse.
The proud wreath of viet'ry round heroes may twine,
'Tis the *Poet* who crowns them with honours divine!
And thy laurels, *Pelides*, had sunk in the tomb,
Had the Bard not preserv'd them, immortal in bloom!

STANZAS.

My days are passed away as the swift ships.

YES!—dark is the storm-beaten Mariner's way
As o'er the blue bosom of Ocean he glides,
But darker the tempest of life's fleeting day,
And colder the storm that hangs over its tides.

Poor wanderer! thy rest is the rest of the grave;
No hour shall thy dawning of pleasure restore,
For the beam that at morning illumin'd the wave,
Now sinks into darkness, and lights thee no more.

And thus shall the Soul that is bound to the world,
And drinks the bright draught of its pleasures
awhile,
At eve be afar on its dark waters hurled,
The slave of its fondness, betrayed by its smile!

Yet how can the bosom unheeding resign
The hopes it has cherished, the joys it has known,
Should no beam from on high, with effulgence
divine,
Shed its light on the path where we wander alone?

O Thou! who with goodness increasing, divine,
Dost calm the rude waves of the merciless sea,
May this bosom, whatever its trials, be thine,
And, where'er it shall wander, be fixed upon
Thee! W. S.

SKETCHES TAKEN FROM DOVER
CASTLE DURING A STORM.

CONCLUSION.

O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Hamlet.

TIS midnight. Eyeless Darkness like a blind
And haggard witch, with power to loose and bind
The spirits of the elements at will,
Draws her foul cloak across the stars, until
Those Demons she invoked to vex the waves
Have dived and hid them in their ocean-caves:
And they are fled—though still the mighty heart
Of Nature throbs: and now that hag doth start
(Her swarth cheek turning pale in bitter spite)
For thro' her brow she feels the cold moonlight
Shoot like a pain, as on a western hill
The setting Planet of the night stood still,
Just parted from a cloud: no more the blast
Wailed, like a naked spirit rushing past
As tho' it sought a resting place in vain:—
The storm is lull'd: and yet, it is a pain
To tell what wreck and ruin strew'd the shore—
Each wave its freight of death or damage bore?
Here, stain'd and torn, a royal flag was cast;
There lay a broken helm, a shatter'd mast;
And oh, the saddest relic of the storm,
Yon wave conveys a seaman's lifeless form!

'Tis morn—the waning mists with shadowy sweep
Draw their cold curtains slowly from the deep:
'Tis morn—but gladness comes not with her ray:
The bright and breathing scene of yesterday
Is gone, as if that swift-consuming wing
Had brush'd the deep which smote Assyria's king,
And left his Host, like sear leaves, withering!
The sea swells full, but smooth—to Passion's thrill,
Tho' spent her tempest, heaves the young heart still:
A bleakness slumbers o'er it—here and there
Some desolate hull, forsaken in despair,
Drives idly, like a friendless outcast thing
Which still survives the world's abandoning:
Where are her sails—her serried tiers' display—
Her helm—her wide flag's emblem'd blazonry—
Her crew of fiery spirits—where are they?

Far scattered groups, dejected, hurried, tread
The beach in silence, where the shipwreck'd dead
Lie stiff & strain'd: among them (humbling thought!)
They seek their friends—yet shrink from what they
sought,

As on some corse the eye, recoiling, fell—
Though livid, swoln—but recognized too well!
Apart, disturbed in spirit, breathless, pale—
Her unbound tresses floating on the gale—
A Maiden hastened on:—across her way,
As tho' he slept, a lifeless sailor lay:
She paused, and gazed a moment—shuddered, sank
Beside that victim on the wave-washed bank—
Bent shivering lips to press his haggard cheek,
But started backward with a loathing shriek!
Fond wretch! thy half-averted eyes discover
The cold and bloodless aspect of the Lover!

Their tale is brief. The youth was one of those
Who spurn the thought of safety or repose
Whilst Peril stalks the deep: where'er displayed,
The flag which sues for succour has their aid—
The foeman's or the friend's;—no pausing then
To question *who* implore them—they are men!
A noble race—and, tho' unfamed, unknown,
A race that England should be proud to own!
He, with a few as generously brave,
Had heard the death-wail rising from the wave,
And in an ill-starred moment sought to save.
The life-boat reached the foundering ship—her crew
With greedy haste secured the rope it threw;
And, in the wild avidity for life,
Rushed reeling in: alas, that fatal strife
But seal'd their doom! the flashing billows roar
Above their heads—one pang—they strove no more!

He did not love unloved; for she who prest
That clay-cold hand so madly to her breast,
Believed his vows: and but for Fortune's scorn
Young Love had smiled on this their bridal morn:
But oh, his years are few who hath not felt
That, while we grasp, the rainbow bliss will melt;
That hopes, like clouds which gleam across the
moon,
Soon pass away, and lose their light as soon!
The weltering mass she folds, but yesternight
Heaved warm with life—his rayless eye was bright:
And she whose cheek the rose of rapture spread,
Raves now a maniac—widow'd, yet unwed:
And reckless wanderings take the place of woe—
She fancies joys that glow not, nor can glow;

Breathes in a visionary world, and weaves
 A web of bliss—scarce false than deceives
 The reasoning heart : oft sings and weeps ; and now
 Entwines a sea-weed garland for her brow,
 And says it is a marriage wreath. Meanwhile
 Her calm vague look will dawn into a smile,
 As something met her eye none else should see :
 She folds her hands, and bends imploringly
 To sue its stay ;—with wilder gesture turns,
 And clasps her head, and cries—' It burns, it burns !'
 Then shakes as if her heart were ice. - -
 - - - - - Not long
 The soul, the frame, could brook such bitter wrong ;
 Beside her lover's that distracted head
 Rests cold and calm—the grave their bridal bed.

EUSTACE.

SONG OF THE ZEPHYRS.

O'ER the lofty swelling mountain—
 O'er the dancing summer fountain—
 By the towering forest waving—
 By the brook, the willows laving,
 Wafting od'rous airs along,
 We pour the mellow-breathing song.

Little wanton, winged rovers,
 Oft we tend the walks of lovers ;
 Witness thoughts with passion glowing,
 Souls—with tenderness o'erflowing,
 Vows—that fainting on the tongue,
 Mingle with our breezy song.

Oft we fan the flame that rushes
 O'er the maiden's cheek in blushes ;
 Softly to her swain revealing
 All the luxury of feeling,
 In her bosom—though so strong—
 Gentle as our airy song.

Oft we in our sportive duty
 Kiss the dimpling cheek of beauty,
 And on soft ethereal winglets
 Wanton in her sunny ringlets—
 Breathing, as we dance along,
 Liquid notes of rapt'rous song.

When Care's ever-rising bubble
 Clouds the wanderer's soul with trouble,
 We—sweet Pleasure's viewless minions—
 Fan his brow with balmy pinions,
 Chasing sorrow's shades along,
 With our spirit-soothing song.

While the sweets of eve diffusing,
 Oft we meet the poet musing,
 Mark his eye sublimely glancing,
 With erratic thought entrancing,
 Catching inspiration strong,
 From our soul-enchancing song.

Oft we waft the pious whispers
 Of the saint's low-breathing vespers,
 Sighs of love, and tears of sorrow,
 For our sweetest strains we borrow,
 Bearing on our wings along,
 All the ecstacy of song.

Headington, 1818.

J. L. W.

SONG OF THE OCEAN SPIRITS.

FROM where the young East
 Of the rosy breast,
 Flings open her gates to the God of day,
 To the couch of his rest
 In the crimson west
 We Genii of Ocean extend our sway.
 O'er the far-flashing tide
 That's rolling wide,
 And frantically foaming, so free and wild,
 Our power can assuage
 The whirlpool's rage,
 Or sink the dread reef by Danger piled.
 Where the sun's chasten'd blaze
 Darts emerald rays
 To the fathomless depths of the ocean wave ;
 We bind our green hair
 With the gem most rare,
 Or softly recline in the coral cave.
 Or when Hesper is bright
 On the brow of night,
 And sheds her mild beam thro' the darkling gloom ;
 We weave the soft song,
 The still shore along,
 Or dance round a true lover's watery tomb.
 When zephyrs repose,
 And their winglets close,
 While o'er the wide surface deep stillness reigns ;
 We invisibly rise
 Unto mortal eyes,
 And warble the mellow ocean strains.

Then lightly around
 To the silver sound,
 The mermaids in dance the long hours employ,
 While loveliness speaks
 In their dimpling cheeks,
 Impressed by the finger of jocund joy.

When our mystical rites,
 On moonlight nights,
 Call forth the deep voice of the chorded shell,
 We in choruses strong
 Chant the sacred song,
 The watery Deity's power to tell.

The old hoary god,
 Who controls the flood,
 There's nought can withstand his power and might ;
 Save Olympian Jove,
 Who rolls above
 The thunder-clad terrors of tenfold night.

When tempests invade—
 Wrapt in awful shade—
 Illumin'd alone by the lightning's glare ;
 All peaceful and calm,
 And secure from harm,
 Are our diamond palaces rising fair.

And often we weep,
 As the perilous deep,
 The mariner hero closes o'er ;
 Then laying the brave
 In a jasper grave,
 On night's silent breezes his requiem pour.

Headington, 1818.

J. L. W.

